YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

UP FRONT IN NEW GUINEA

At a jungle outpost 30 yards from the Japs, these Yanks are waiting, ready with Garands and hand grenades. This photo was made by Sgt. Dave Richardson of YANK's staff. More New Guinea pictures are on pages 12 and 13.

Blow-by-Blow Battleship Action Stor

SEE PA

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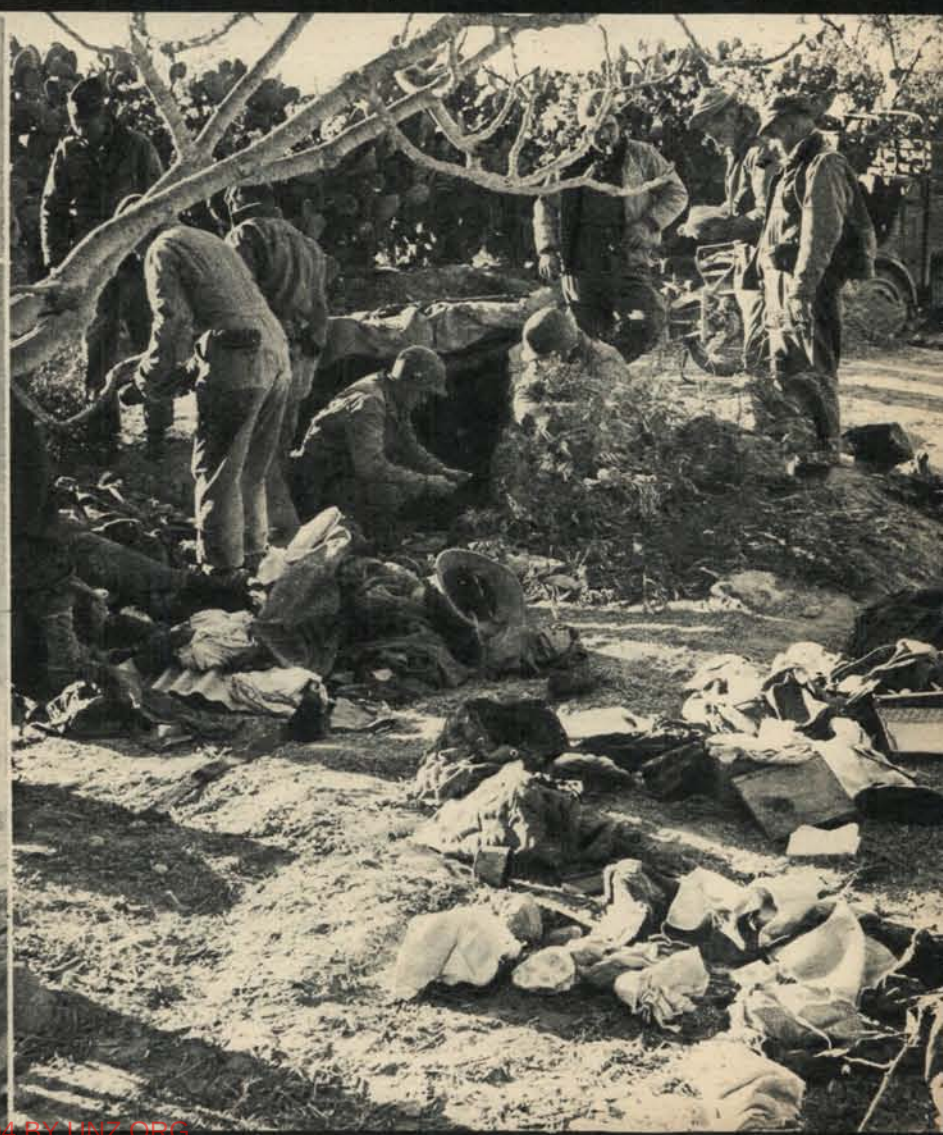
After a successful counterattack against Axis forces, these infantrymen pass a wrecked German tank as they move on to consolidate their positions.

TUNISIAN FRONT

A Yank adds his autograph to the tail of this fallen German Heinkel.



U. S. soldiers look over a mess of equipment left by fleeing Italians.

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Recapture of GAFSA

The Americans had a soft touch when they took back this important Tunisian town from the Nazis, but they found it lousy with booby traps and land mines.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

ON Feb. 14, unseasoned American troops were forced to abandon Gafsa, important highway junction in Central Tunisia, before the onrush of Marshal Rommel's veteran armored forces. Stubbornly resisting, the Americans were pushed back through the Kasserine Pass, to within 40 miles of Tebessa, important Allied supply base. If Rommel had captured this base, it would have been a serious blow to the Allied campaign in Tunisia. The Americans, aided by the British, held and in a miraculous come-back reentered Gafsa within 32 days after it was abandoned. YANK reporter Sgt. Ralph Martin, gives this eye-witness account of the Americans' return.

WITH THE U. S. FORCES IN TUNISIA [By Radio]—When the American soldiers walked into Gafsa, it was as quiet and as empty as a graveyard—and just as full of ghosts.

The Germans and the Italians had gone, but there was plenty to remember them by. All the doors in the town were bolted with booby traps, land mines had been carefully planted in the bombed rubble, and the scared townspeople were hiding in hills, cellars and caves.

A few weeks before, when we first occupied the town, Gafsa had been alive with crowds of jabbering Arabs trying to sell tangerines and eggs to Yank soldiers. Kids swarmed all over the place yelling for "chawklit" and "shoongum," and camels and cows walked in the streets. It was a living town then with lots of noise and smell. When we came back to Gafsa this second time, it was different.

The taking of Gafsa was one of those affairs where the enemy was checkmated and knew it. He pulled out without a fight and carried everything that wouldn't burn along with him.

Movement toward the town began when our medium and light bombers went over, followed by low-level strafing fighter planes. Then the artillery started booming with 105s and 155s, and, finally, the infantry pushed forward.

We started for Gafsa on foot with considerable caution. First there was the reconnaissance group with the advance party composed of Maj. Arthur Marklis of Hyde Park, Mass., and three COs—Capts. Wallace Whitney of Princeton, N. J., James Dowd of Brookline, Mass., and Nelson Tobey of Hampton, N. H.—and two sergeants, Otis Brown of Newport, N. H., and Daryl Drew of Gettysburg, S. Dak.

The major and his little group walked along slowly investigating the roads, keeping their notebooks handy to mark down the location of the mines and roadblocks which they sent back to the forward units of their division.

I first met them near a roadblock which had been planted with two neat rows of three mines each. I wasn't walking too fast, either; and when one of the captains pointed a few inches from my foot and said, "Take it easy—that's a mine," I took it plenty easy, almost on tip toe.

The major sent back his report and the first company of Infantry came up with five engineers in the point. The engineers brought a mine detector along with them, which, in our Army, resembles a vacuum cleaner. The engineers shoved the detector ahead of them along the ground. Whenever they located a mine—and they located plenty of them—one of the engineers would drop behind and either mark the mine or pull it out. The other four would make a detour around the spot, the Infantry outfit following close behind them.

The march went on like that. Some of the boys in our outfit started to sing. Some of them cracked jokes. We passed some gaping holes where the road used to be. When we reached the outskirts of the town, a shot rang out from somewhere.

"I guess somebody was cleaning his gun," one of the soldiers said.

The first men of our outfit to enter the town were the machine-gun squads, who made a house-to-house hunt for any suspicious persons. The riflemen had their bayonets fixed. Slowly Gafsa's townspeople started coming out of their hiding places. One little old lady of Italian descent began wailing at the top of her lungs from a balcony. She was positive we were going to shoot her.

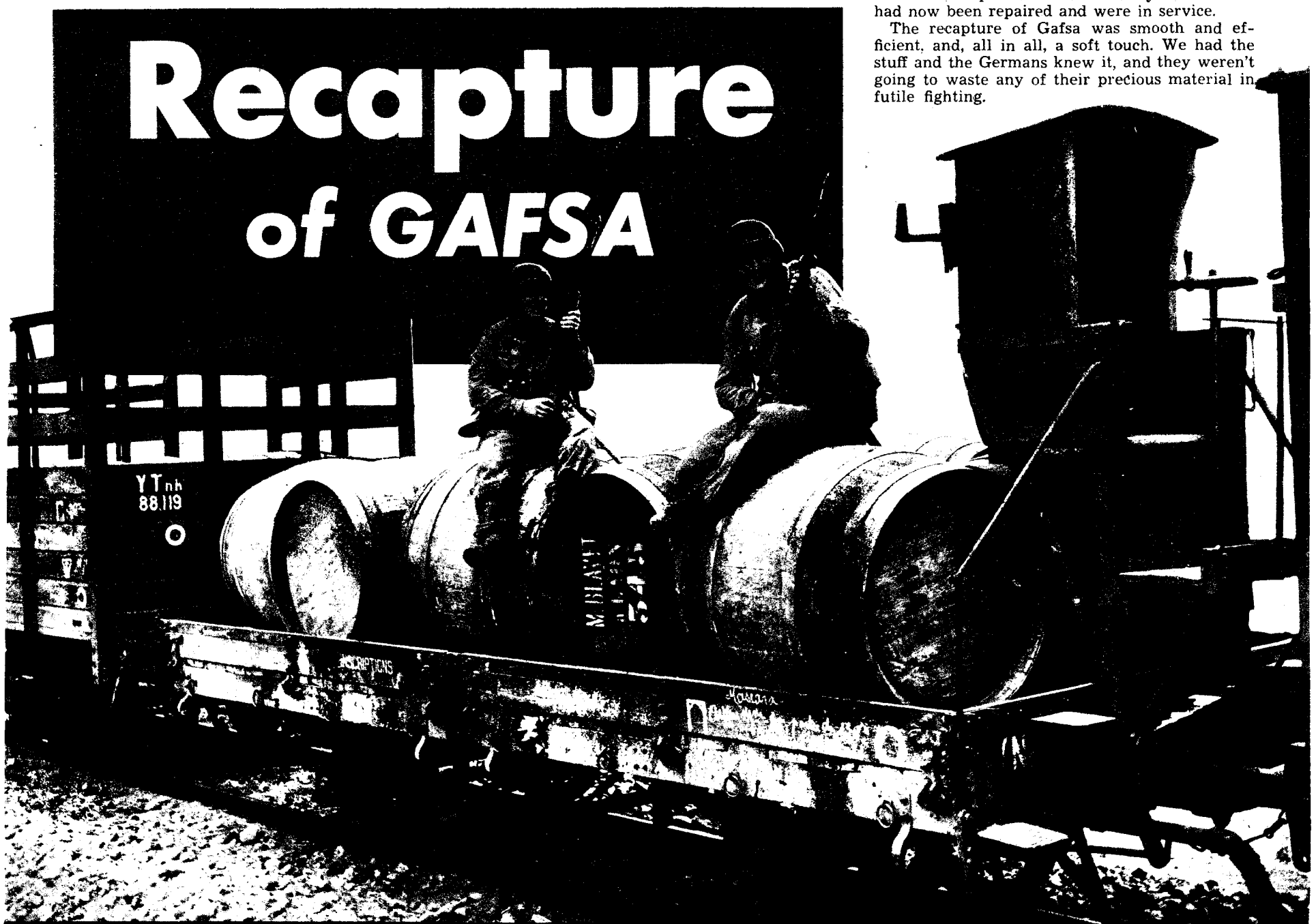
Then the kids in the streets found their tongues and began yelling *"Vive l'Amerique!"* and making V-signs with their fingers. Some of the townfolk cornered a bunch of soldiers and tried to explain in pidgin English how the Axis troops had taken away their livestock and food before leaving Gafsa.

The Yanks were pouring into town from all sides now. One company marched in single columns abreast. Another skirted the hills and came in from the west.

Later that day I hitched a ride and took a little trip down the road leading to Gabes. We stopped at several vacated houses, always keeping our hands behind our backs and out of the way of possible booby traps.

Towards dusk I made my way to Feriana. All the mines had been carefully marked off, and detours had been cut around the blasted road sections. Telephone wires sliced by the Italians had now been repaired and were in service.

The recapture of Gafsa was smooth and efficient, and, all in all, a soft touch. We had the stuff and the Germans knew it, and they weren't going to waste any of their precious material in futile fighting.



You'd smile, too, if you, like Sgt. Leslie Gross and Cpl. Andrew Sajda, were sitting on French wine casks in Africa. Signal Corps made photo.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

The Colonel and His Top Kick: Both Were Tough but One Was Lucky

GUADALCANAL—Two of Guadalcanal's most fabulous characters were Col. Alec George of the U. S. Army and his inseparable shadow, a burly top kick named Art Trouville from Lowell, Mass.

Like most fabulous people, George is small—not taller than 5 feet 7 or 8. He is a man of inexhaustible energy and great courage. He's a wiry, hatchet-faced ex-cavalryman whose only fault, according to his men, is that "he has too much guts."

Art Trouville is George's strong-arm man. Between the two it would be hard to choose the one with greater endurance or the less fear. Alec George says: "Trouville's afraid of nothing, but he's the luckiest man alive. I rub his head every 15 minutes."

Home to George is Texas, but it's as he says, "Hell, I'm Regular Army—I don't live anywhere."

A few months ago, at the height of the fighting here, he got his promotion to full colonel. It was on the morning after he had taken command of an outfit which had reached but could not break a stalemate in its advance. George had ordered the attack which smashed through to an objective that for days had held up the entire offensive. He had just returned with Trouville from the advanced positions and he sat cross-legged on the ground at his CP, receiving phone messages from the battalions, giving orders, directing artillery fire.

A call came for incendiary grenades to blast a pill box. Having borrowed three of the last five cases owned by the Marines the night before, the colonel shrugged his shoulders and picked up the phone. In half an hour the two remaining boxes arrived.

The CP was the nerve center and Alec George was its grinning, wise-cracking, self-confident core. Someone in the group asked the bald question, "How're you doing?"

George looked up and his eyes narrowed in a grin. "Hell, I don't know. The fog of war has enshrouded me. I'm thinking of calling the general to find out. But I'm pretty sure we're ahead." He kept on grinning. The whole island knew his outfit had taken its hill.

A moment later, the general himself came puffing up the grade to the edge of the jungle and walked straight to the little colonel, who was already on his feet. Without a word he handed George an eagle and George, with a glance, passed it on to Trouville. Art shoved it into his pocket.

"Thanks, general," Col. George said.

Ten minutes later, his conference with the one-star ended, he called Trouville and together the two of them hit the jungle trail which led back

up to the front. George had an '03 slung over his shoulder and a turned-up fatigue hat on the back of his head. A pair of shorts completed his uniform. He couldn't have pinned the eagle on his collar because he didn't have a collar.

One of George's boys had been fatally hit as he led his squad up a hill in the face of heavy enemy fire. Before he died the soldier, Cpl. Ervin Bickwermert of Ferdinand, Ind., was told the objective had been taken. Bickwermert's last words were, "Hold that hill!"

Later, Col. George told the story when he recommended Bickwermert for a posthumous DSC. He held in his hand a metal shield with a Latin phrase inscribed on it. When he had finished the story of the corporal's gallantry, he held up the insignia of his regiment, pointed to the Latin phrase and said, "That's now translated, 'Hold that hill.'"

He regards Trouville as something of a super-soldier. Twice recommended for the Silver Star, Trouville seems impervious to Jap bullets. His rifle sling was almost cut in two once as he walked with it slung across his shoulder. Another day he climbed out of his jeep in answer to George's call, and as he walked away a mortar burst blasted the little quarter-ton job to smithereens.

Another day Trouville and the colonel were investigating a spot of jungle that looked like dangerous ground.

"We didn't see any Japs," George said, "but I was a little anxious about this particular place because any infiltration there would be bad.

"We went in, Trouville and I, and I got up to a tree that forked like a V from the ground. I looked over and saw a Jap about 30 yards in front. I started to fire, and just as I got a bead on him a grenade burst in front of me. Then another one hit in front of Trouville. I thought I saw the hand that threw that one, about 10 yards away.

"Well, I fired into the bush and all hell broke loose. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground with no pistol in my hand—I don't know whether it was shot out or not—and blood was pumping out of my leg.

"It was a .25, too, so it must have been from up close.

"Anyway, Trouville got me back and gave me his rifle while he went for more men. They sent a patrol up to bring me back, but they couldn't find a Jap anywhere around."

George pointed. "And now I've got this much of my shin bone gone, damn it. It would have to happen now."

It had to happen sometime. Alec George has just too much guts.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

It's one of the year's coldest days in Iceland, but this GI seems to have enough on to take it.

Now That They've Got a PX Life Should Be Beautiful Again

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—Now that living conditions are improved and PX supplies have arrived, things are looking up. But the first few weeks down here were tough.

Mess had even the calloused cooks bothered. "Hell," said Pvt. Clifford Mauch of Alliance, Ohio, "an Army cook expects gripes. But when you have a couple of hundred men, all of them griping three times a day, it gets under your skin. Especially when all we can give them is more carrots and beets and turnips and British canned beef. Even a cook gets tired of seeing this menu day in and day out."

Mess Sgt. Frank Faraone, who cooked five years at his own restaurant in Chicago, felt the same way. "But now that we got some American food coming in, let me at it," he said.

The barracks are a great improvement over the mud-spattered tent cities that housed some of the boys in their early days in Iran.

Some of them are domed and arched; others are brick buildings with sloping metal roofs. Some bugs of new construction remain to be ironed out. Cpl. Morry Rosenthal of Los Angeles (he used to run a liquor store there; now he helps

In Next Week's YANK

A SERGEANT WHO WEIGHS 82 POUNDS

A story about one of the Army's most unique outfits—Sgt. Little Bawk and 32 other Burmese girls who walked out of their country barefooted with Gen. Stilwell and now serve as nurses with the U. S. forces in India.

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out at the PX) says: "One strange thing keeps happening to add interest to our lives. The windows explode at night."

It seems the wood in some of the frames is unseasoned. A good cold night outside, a good hot stove inside, and *pop*—the frames contract and the glass shatters.

There are no electric lights and the heating system is a stove in every bunk room. The water supply comes from the familiar lister bag. As Cpl. John Primble of Milwaukee remarks, "It tastes like bleach."

The barracks are in a section which was once the Queen's Gardens, but there's not much of the gardens left. Crumbling walls of long ago stand near the most modern of the barracks.

Athletics have been well organized. Pvt. George Barlow, who worked for A. G. Spalding in Brookline, Mass., has had a hand in this. He boasts two volleyball courts, two softball fields and two football fields.

Basketball is popular. At first it looked as if the boys would have to play only among themselves. But Pvt. Vince Otto of Minneapolis, who used to play minor league baseball with the Texas League, came to the rescue by coaching a nearby Australian unit in the fine points of the game. Now the Aussies are so good the U. S. team has a hard time holding its own.

The camp has no QM laundry as yet. Some GIs take their stuff to native laundries; other thrifty souls do their own.

One large building has been set aside as a PX and a Rec Hall, and now that supplies are here, things should start humming in "Hope House," as the place has been fondly called.

The PX is a large corner room and Pfc. Bob Kieffer, an ex-art student from Los Angeles, has decorated it with murals.

One of these shows a solitary soldier dining in a swank Persian restaurant. Waiters are milling about him with everything from caviar to bitki, while the GI gnashes his teeth and moans, "But all I want is a cherry coke."

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Guy Liked a Little Work But He Liked a Little Less Better

West Africa—When Base Special Services decided to publish a weekly paper here, they found one native printer available. He was setting type by hand and using presses which he blandly denied had been made by Gutenberg.

A slow process at best, hand-setting here is kept in low gear by the climate and the customary slow pace of native workers.

By ingenuity, flattery, judicious brow-beating and well-timed jokes, our paper, *The Bush Weekly*, made its first appearance only four days behind schedule.

When we urged the printer to work all Saturday afternoon, his fat, round face beamed his willingness, while he replied, "I will work all afternoon," and then, with a wide grin showing off a fine set of chinaware, he added, "until 2:30."

—Pfc. NORMAN C. McKENNA
YANK Field Correspondent

Out on pass, "Pop" Keller has a new pair of shoes fitted for him by Capt. Nolen, PX officer.

Pop Isn't the Oldest Private Any Longer—He's Made Corporal

A Coast Artillery Position in Panama.—"Pop," one of the oldest privates in the U. S. Army, doesn't hold his unique position any longer.

Just the other day, Pop, who is 52-year-old George Keller of 140 Wyckoff Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., was issued a corporal's chevrons by the supply sergeant in his Coast Artillery battery. And when that happened, Pop, who first saw the light of day Sept. 25, 1890, finally eclipsed the grade of pfc. he made in the last war, when he was just a young man in uniform.

A widower, Keller was working for a Brooklyn coal yard before he entered the service Oct. 7, 1942, by special permission of the Adjutant General's Department in Washington.

"And I went through that physical like a flash," he says. "I've got three sons and a brother in the service, so I got kind of restless and wanted to join up, too."

Pop received his basic training at Fort Eustis, Va., where he went through the obstacle course and took the tough hikes in stride with the youngest recruit. After that, he asked for overseas service, again passed the physical with flying colors, and came to Panama as a coast artilleryman last Jan. 2.

His three sons in the service are George Jr., 23, a private stationed at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Henry, 21, a private with the Air Corps at Spokane, Wash., and William, 20, a coast guardsman stationed at Ellis Island. His brother, Robert, 47, is a chief electrician's mate with the Navy at Staten Island, N. Y.

Pop likes GI life in Panama. "I've got a good tan, better than I ever got at Jones Beach, and I'm in tip-top shape and can keep up with most any of these youngsters in our outfit," he says.

Right now, Keller tips the scale at 165 pounds, carried on a 5-foot 7½-inch frame. He'll admit his wind isn't as good as when he served with the 27th Division in the first World War, but Pop will add that he's still a "damn good soldier." The GIs in his battery will back him up on that statement, for they're proud of Pop's way of taking Army life in stride with the rest.

Keller gives the same counsel to all the Yanks who come to him with a gripe.

"Listen, son," Pop advises, "if army life is so bad, do you think I'd come back to it? It's a cinch even to an old timer like me."

—Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

He Was Hit by a 20-mm Shell But Thought He Had Lost His Pants

U. S. Bomber Station in England [By Radio]—Prime Minister Churchill was once hit by a truck in New York and wrote an article about it.

S/Sgt. Harold Lightbrown of Winthrop, Mass., could write a story titled, "How It Feels to Get Slugged By a 20-mm Shell." Radio gunner on a ship dubbed *The Devil's Workshop*, he was wounded during a raid on Romilly sur Seine.

"Enemy fighters were thick as flies that day," the sergeant said, "and I was playing the gun for all she was worth.

"When I got hit it felt like a bee stinging me. Then I went into a sort of trance. It seemed that I was in the woods back home and wearing short pants. A bunch of bees were chasing me and a gang of other kids. One bee insisted on stinging me again and again, and for a kid I was doing a lot of cussing.

"Then I imagined I had lost my pants. I felt very embarrassed. What made matters worse was that a lot of girls came along.

"I guess I must have been dazed only a few seconds. When I came to, the first thing I did was notify the others over the phone that I had been hit. Then I went right on firing."

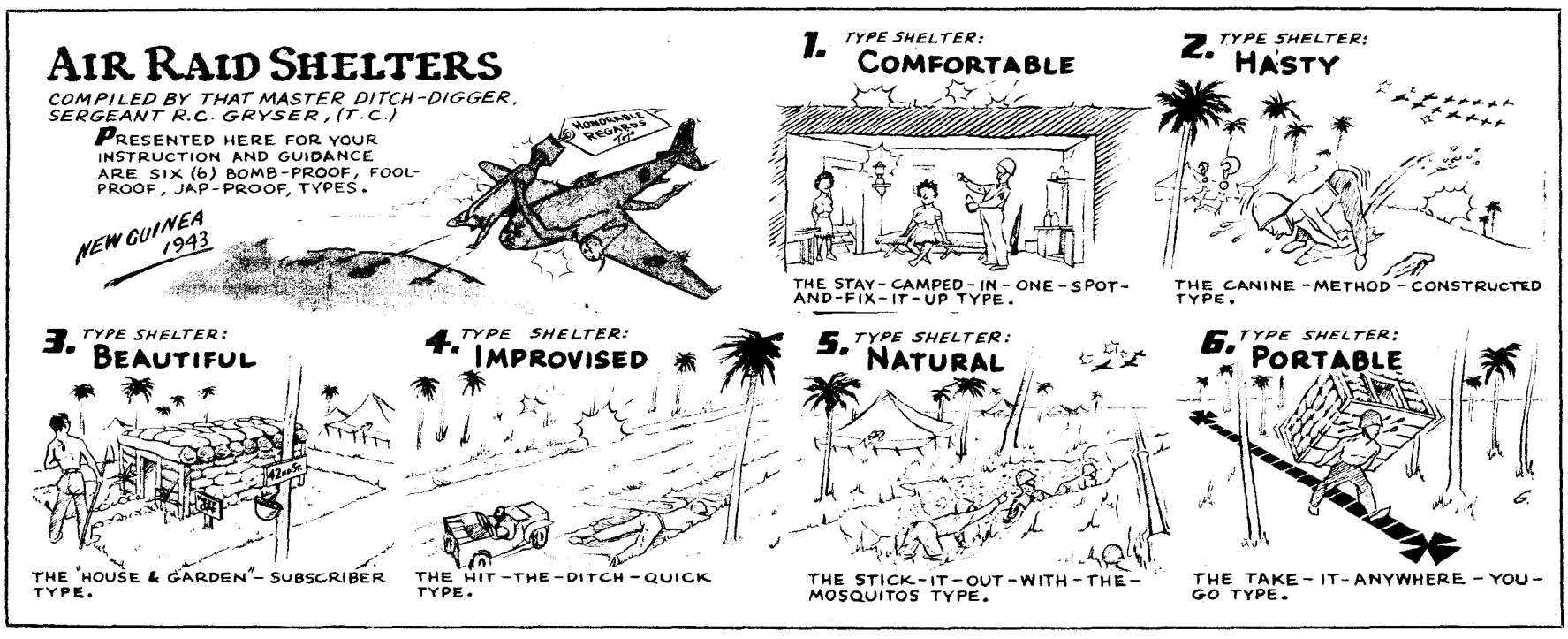
The shell struck Lightbrown from the rear, in his left thigh. It ripped through his leather flying pants and electrically heated "zoot suit." The "zoot suit" was put out of commission which, as Lightbrown explained, "was probably the reason I imagined I lost my pants. I felt cold all over because the heat had stopped."

Although his wound was serious and put him in the hospital for four weeks, it didn't pain him.

"It must have been the cold air that stopped the bleeding, too," he said. "But bullets don't hurt very much up there. I guess it's the clean air that helps."

He should know.

—Sgt. WALTER F. PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent



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Gals Must Be Friendly to GIs, The British Rule Book Tells Them

ENGLAND—First America taught its GIs how to understand the British; then England taught the British how to understand the Americans.

Now, when an American soldier walks into a NAAFI canteen (British equivalent to the PX) and says, "Hi'ya baby!" to the nifty behind the counter, she smiles and says, "Okay, Yank old kid, whatcha buyin'?"

A year ago she would have accused the GI of being fresh. Now she thinks it's all right. The little booklet says "Hi'ya baby!" is legitimate. Titled "When You Meet the American," it says a lot of other things, too.

"Try not to appear shocked at some of their expressions," it reads. "Many of these may sound remarkably like swearing words to you, but in fact they are words in every day use in America."

It goes on to say that if a lad from back home asks for a hot dog he actually means "fried sausage in split rolls." A hamburger is "savoury rissoles in split rolls or between slices of bread," molasses is "black treacle," checkers are "a game of draughts," a scallion is a "spring onion," French-fried potatoes are "chips," taffy is "toffee," and an automobile hood is a "bonnet."

Final instructions caution the girls against making fun of the American accent or vocabulary. Mention of gangsters "as if they represent 90 percent of the population in America" is forbidden, and the girls are urged to be a little more friendly to the GIs than they normally would.

—YANK London Bureau

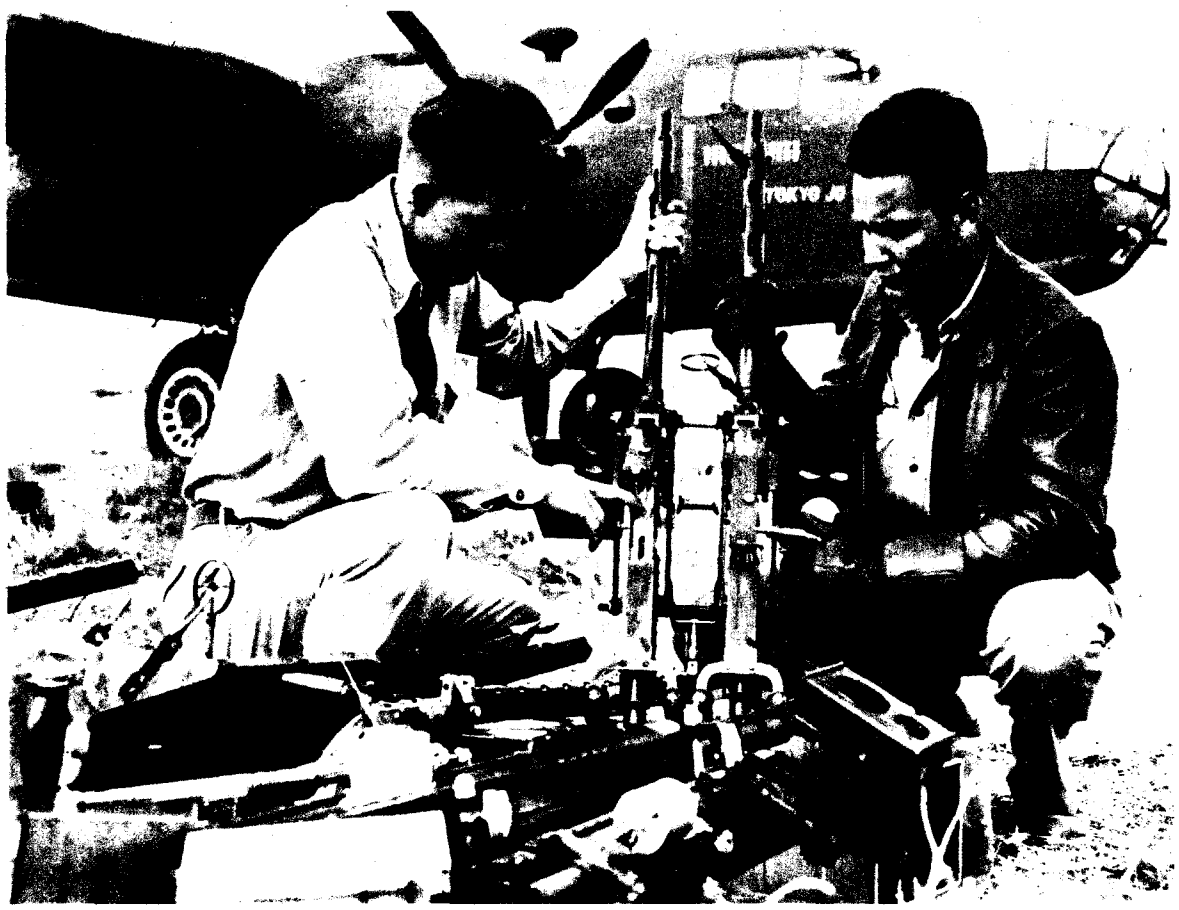
They Call It the *Virgin Squeal;* It's the Navy's Treat Once a Week

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS—The Navy men stationed here at the Virgin Islands decided to publish a little weekly newspaper, and plans for news coverage and local gossip columns were enthusiastically completed. Then somebody remembered that they hadn't picked a name for the publication. Everyone sat down to think of a suitable title.

It didn't take long. One sailor on the editorial staff came up with a perfect suggestion that was immediately and unanimously adopted.

They are calling the newspaper the *Virgin Squeal.*

—YANK Field Correspondent



Two top-ranking gunners of U. S. bomber crews in China check their weapons. They are T/Sgt. N. G. Stubblefield of Dallas, Tex., and T/Sgt. A. R. Williams of Morgantown, N. C.

Skipper, Flying Scotty Dog of South Pacific, Is Veteran of Three Battles and 26 Air Raids

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—"Luck flies with Skipper," said T/Sgt. Joseph S. Angelini of Philadelphia, Pa., and you can see what he meant.

When the Scotty dog was a 9-day-old ball of black fur, the sergeant, an aerial engineer, lifted him into a B-17 at Albuquerque, N. Mex. Since then Skipper has flown 100,000 miles on patrol and bombing missions, participated in three major engagements and watched from a U.S. plane during 26 raids on the Solomons.

"I could see from the first he was a born flyer," the sergeant says.

Take that first flight across the Pacific. Skipper and the crew left the West Coast of the mainland in an unarmed bomber bound for Hawaii. The date was Dec. 7, 1941. "Our ship was shot full of holes, and we made a crash landing with a swarm of Zeros on our tail," Angelini recalls. "I ran into a stone building, shielding Skipper in my arms while the Zeros continued to strafe us. We both got out without a scratch."

Then came six months of patrol flights with Skipper always sitting under the bomber's wing at take-off time, waiting to be fitted with the oxygen mask he wore at high altitudes. He already knew how to yawn to equalize the pressure on his ears.

In June they were in two bombing missions against the invading Japanese fleet at Midway and a month later they were among the first planes to bomb that then "impregnable" Jap stronghold of Guadalcanal. Almost daily after that the crew and Skipper flew over the Solomons. They sank a Jap cruiser, shot down five Zeros and damaged a "hell of a lot more."

Only once has there been trouble. Returning at night from a mission to bomb a reported enemy carrier, the B-17 was caught in a storm, got far off its course and was running short of fuel.

"We knew we had to bail out," says Angelini, "so I fastened a Mae West and a 10-foot length of rope on Skipper. I asked the radio operator to throw him out of the plane when it hit water, but to hold onto the rope. I had to cut loose one of the rafts.

"We braced ourselves for the crash, and when it came, we all piled up. I was on the bottom, and my right leg was broken. We all got out just the same, and Skipper was swimming around at the end of the rope. I took it from the radio operator and pulled the dog in. He barked just as if there was nothing to worry about."

For five hours Skipper and the crew drifted in their two life rafts. Then they saw a dark shadow in the distance and paddled toward it. The shadow was an island from which they were picked up the very next day by a passing ship.

Only once on the long flight back was the dog unhappy. That was during a few days on a Pacific island. On that barren strip of sand and coral Skipper found only one tree, an ailing, thin-trunked coconut palm.

—Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Field Correspondent

How To Eat Fruit in Australia

The pawpaw.

The mango.

The passion fruit.

AUSTRALIA—You can generally tell if anything is edible in these parts simply by seeing if it has flies on it. Flies—and it's edible. It might help you, though, to know some of the more common varieties of tropical fruit and how to go about eating them.

The first of these and by far the simplest is the pawpaw. The pawpaw is a melon but unlike other melons it has raised its head above the common herd of the cucumber family. It grows on trees. It is smooth of skin, a golden yellow when ripe and, strange to say, melon-shaped. A jungle knife will swish it down the middle with the greatest of ease. One swoosh of a mess kit spoon will clean out the seeds and you can eat all of it right down to the skin. An over-ripe pawpaw is brownish in color, on the gooey side and superior to eggs or tomatoes for throwing.

The passion fruit is without doubt the most unpassionate-looking fruit growing. In fact, you wouldn't look twice at the best-looking passion fruit in the world if you didn't know what was inside. Passion fruit are the same size as plums but have a rusty, dull, sometimes slightly wrinkled epidermis. The inside is divided like an orange but looks somewhat faded. It has pits, too. If you cut one in half and chaw it out you will find it has a pleasant aromatic taste which is distinctively its own.

A mango isn't really a fruit at all. It is a portable shower bath. It has the shape of an Idaho potato. The skin is like that of a winter pear. This skin pulls off without too much trouble, revealing an orange pulp which is too stringy to cut. All you can do is grab the mango with both hands, wrap your mush around it and start sucking the meat off the middle pit. As you gurgle on it the juice starts dripping in all directions, and before you finish you are all wet and sitting in the middle of a puddle. Mangoes taste like a combination of strawberries and gin, and are pleasant even to people who just like strawberries.

—Sgt. CHARLES D. PEARSON
YANK Field Correspondent

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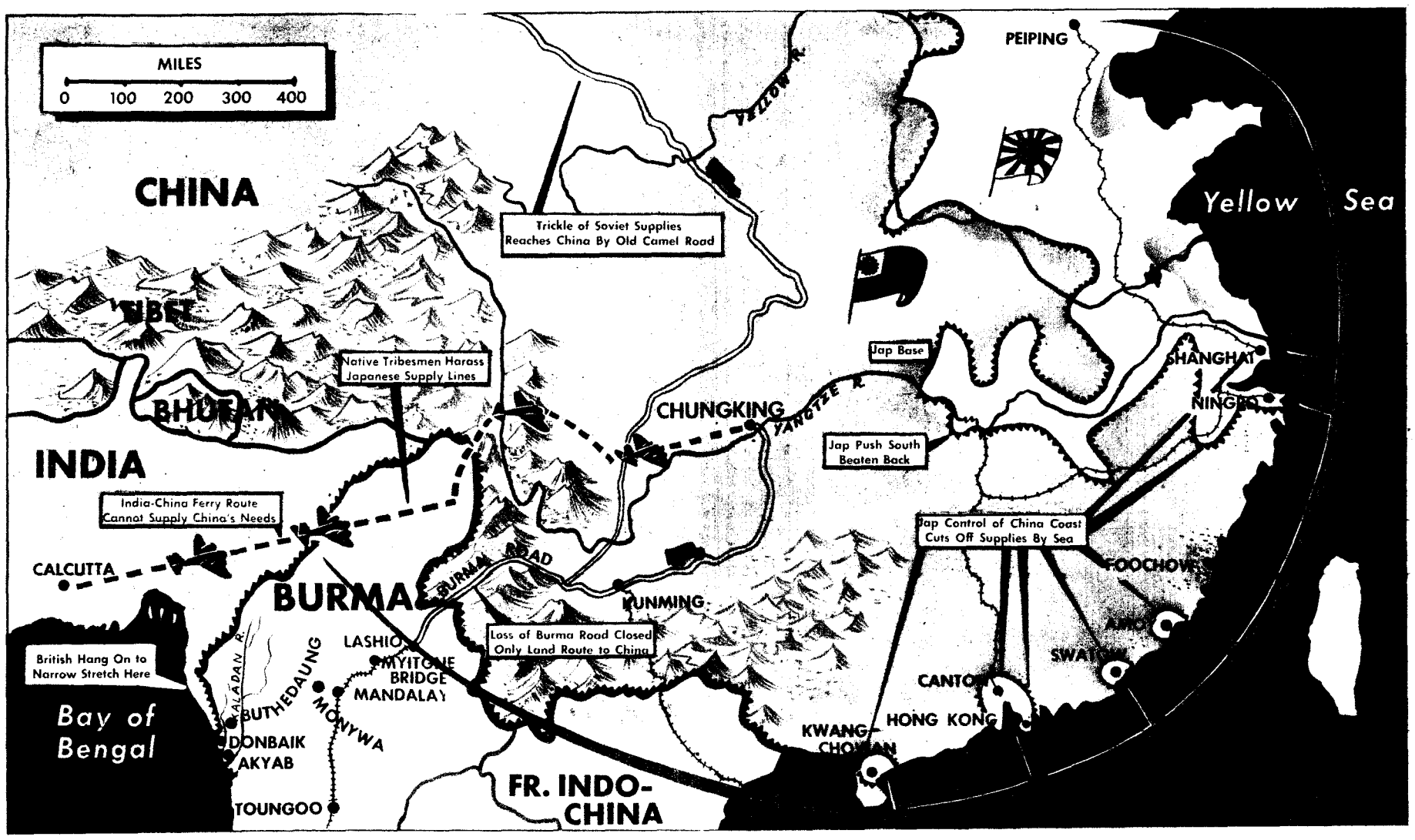

THE STALEMATE IN ASIA IS HEADACHE TO THE ALLIES

Japs, stymied in South Pacific, may attack China where problems of supply are the toughest.

SMALL-SCALE movements in Burma and China focused the spotlight on what might be called the Great Asiatic Stalemate—one of the war's major headaches to Allied military observers.

From an actual fighting point of view, there is little to report. The Japs made two half-hearted moves. In China they pushed south of the Yangtze River in the Hupeh-Hunan area, but the Chinese promptly drove them back, capturing important enemy supplies, retaking several towns, destroying Japanese communication lines, and killing and capturing considerable enemy troops.

In Burma, the British were driven back up the Mayu River north of Rathedaung, about 25 miles northwest of Jap-occupied Akyab. Simultaneously, Indian troops retreated up the Kaladan River and hurriedly crossed over onto the Mayu Peninsula to avoid being encircled.

While this ground movement was going on, Allied planes were blasting important Jap communication lines and installations. The Tenth U. S. Air Force bombed Myitgne bridge and put it out of commission, thus preventing enemy rail movements between Lashio and Mandalay. Gokteik viaduct, another important enemy installation point, was heavily bombed, and Moulmein, second largest Jap-held port in Burma was blasted, with raging fires reported by the flyers. Donbaik, on the tip of the Mayu Peninsula, was bombed by the Allies, as were enemy railway installations at Monywa and Yedashe. A Jap airfield at Toungoo was shot up. And British-led Kachins, fierce mountain tribesmen in northern Burma, were a constant threat to Jap supply lines.

But none of this meant a great deal because Burma is still in the hands of the Japanese, with the British hanging on by their fingernails to a narrow strip of land on the Mayu Peninsula.

China's position is bad and growing worse. Japan holds all the ports of entry into China and has closed the only land route of any importance by which supplies might be shipped in. Only an old camel trail in northwest China provides an avenue by which the Soviet Union manages to send in a trickle of supplies. But these are insignificant and take months to arrive, transported largely by men on foot and camel pack train. Chiang Kai-shek has none of the heavy armament he needs to launch an offensive or even to hold on to what he has.

The valiant men of the India-China Ferry Service are doing what they can by flying equipment over the Hump, but this is admittedly not enough. Said Gen. Henry Arnold: "We are fighting the Axis on nine different fronts. . . . A huge number of planes cannot be sent to any one theater without taking them away from another. We have no surplus, no extra aircraft—each one is earmarked in the factory for a definite theater, a definite task. Aircraft production is certainly on the upgrade, but for a while, at least, we must fight today's war with today's planes. . . .

"Our men must fly across mountains higher than the Rockies. They must fly over or close to Japanese-held territory. In winter, the planes ice up; in summer they fight thunderstorms and cyclones. In some parts of India it rains as much in one day as it does in a year in New York. In other parts it rains practically never. Severe dust storms are frequent. . . .

"Every gallon of gasoline used by our forces in China goes in by air. Each cargo plane must carry — in addition to its normal load — enough gasoline to get back to India."

The simple truth is that the tremendous job of supplying China with the weapons and material she needs cannot be done by air transport alone.

It is not a cheerful picture. The British are farther away than ever from reopening the Burma Road. And in six weeks the monsoon season hits, during which time no offensive operation can be carried out with any guarantee of success. The monsoon season lasts until October.

On top of all this, there is the growing fear that the Japs, stymied by Gen. MacArthur in the southwest Pacific, will wage an all-out offensive in China with the hope of subduing that nation once and for all as an Allied threat to the Japanese island empire.

Said Gen. Arnold: "We have a motto which certainly applies to air operations in the Far East. 'The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer'."

It's Fourth Down for Rommel and He's Back on His Own Goal Line

THE opening bell for the big bout in Europe was rung when Gen. Montgomery and his indomitable Eighth Army broke through the Mareth Line and sent Rommel and his battered Afrika Korps fleeing in confusion.

Smashing through on a 25-mile front, the British leader outsmarted and outfought the German Fox. Sending a flanking movement around the southern end of the Mareth fortifications, he completely deceived the Germans as to the strength of the flanking thrust. Too late, the Germans discovered that the flanking movement was not a feint but a movement in strength.

The price Rommel paid for this mistake was high. He was knocked out of southern Tunisia, he lost 6,000 prisoners, and the Allied drive toward the port of Gabes was underway.

Rommel was reported to be in full flight northward toward the Gabes bottleneck between the sea and the salt marshes. It seemed likely that he would retreat as far as Sousse and there try to make a stand with the remainder of German troops in North Africa under the command of Gen. von Arnim.

But the line of this coastal retreat was menaced by the Allies the whole way. The Americans were threatening Gabes and the coast from southeast of El Guettar and Maknassy. In the north central area, they were only 50 miles from Sousse.

In the north, the British First Army was driving ahead in the Djebel Aboid sector, getting nearer and nearer to Tunis and Bizerte.

Reports from Cairo stated that Rommel had plowed up the airfield at Gabes in preparation for evacuation.

He had only two courses of action left: 1) retreat to the north with an inevitable Dunkirk for the Germans at Tunis and Bizerte, or 2) a quick evacuation at Gabes. Both plans spelled annihilation.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 2, top, Acme; bottom, Sgt. Peter Paris. 3, Sig. Corps. 4, Acme. 5, PRO, PCD. 6, Acme. 12 & 13, Richardson. 16, Warner Bros. 17, top left, Columbia Pictures; center left, PA; top right, Ted Koepper. 20, left, INP; right, WW. 21, left, PA; right, Acme. 23, center, Acme; bottom left, PA.

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Fifty Minutes

THE BATTLE OF SAVO ISLAND

THE *Big Bastard*, a U. S. battleship, g her nickname when she first arrived the South Pacific to protect American c riers from aerial attack.

She did her job so well that a carrier c miral radioed his planes, "Stay away fr that big bastard. When she gets throu shooting down Japs, she'll use you t target practice." Now, throughout the P cific, she's known as the *Big Bastard* a her men wouldn't swap her nickname f a general citation.

This is the story of the *Big Bastard's* fi surface action, pieced together from t accounts of the men of her compleme The action—the Battle of Savo Island—b gan at dusk, 24 hours after the *Boise* a the *San Francisco* steamed between tv columns of Jap ships and smashed the apart. It formed a part of what's known

And it seemed like 50 hours to the men on this battleship who went off hunting Japs around the Solomon Islands and got into one of the roughest night engagements in Navy history.

By ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c
YANK Navy Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC [Passed by Navy Censor]—Hodgen Othello Patrick Y1c, talker on the *Big Bastard's* sky patrol, highest lookout post where the ship took its first hit during the Battle of Savo Island, came as reasonably close to being killed as can be expected of any man.

Patrick remembers squaring for battle and from his high perch seeing the Jap ships come up. He saw the first salvo leave the flagship up ahead. His next recollection is of being thrown against a bulkhead and finding somebody's arm, without a body, across his face. A dead weight lay across his chest, pinning him.

"I'm dead," he thought, and the remembrance of it is still clear in his mind. "Here I am dead. This is what it's like to be dead." But the earthly touch of shrapnel in his knee and his hip convinced him that he was still alive. He looked around. The two officers lay dead. Seven enlisted men were still. Four wounded looked at Patrick, not knowing what to do next.

Patrick pressed the button on his headset. "Sick bay," he called, "send help." He doesn't know why he took command. There was another petty officer who not only rated him but was able to struggle to his feet and walk around. The sound of firing roared up from his own ship. He heard hits coming aboard. But no help came.

Patrick ordered the two least wounded to go below and then put tourniquets on the other two, using their own belts. He applied the same treatment to his own leg above the bleeding knee, then remembered to loosen all three every 15 minutes throughout the night. He hunted a long time for morphine before he found it and divided it with the others. As he was about to take his share of the sedative he noticed that several of the men he had thought dead were stirring. Without a moment's hesitation he divided his share among them. He didn't feel heroic about it. He didn't even think about it.

Despite his injuries, Patrick found that he could get to his feet. He saw that he could report better while standing and remained that way until the end of the battle. Afterward, he fell again to the deck but never stopped his regular reports until he was relieved the next morning.

Patrick was the only enlisted man of the crew who was recommended for the Navy Cross.

WHEN general quarters sounded on the *Big Bastard*, Rufus Mathewson Y2c took his post as a talker in the conning tower.

"It'll be a push-over," he heard someone say. "Just a bunch of armed transports. We'll knock 'em off like sitting ducks."

Mathewson said to himself, "I wish I was home." The thought kept running through his head as he watched the captain and the navigator walk calmly back and forth in the narrow steel-walled compartment.

Hours ticked by. Shortly after midnight the loudspeaker carried a cold steady voice from plot room. "Target 20,000 yards, bearing 240° . . . target 19,800 yards, bearing 241° . . ." Slowly the target drew closer.

There was a terrific explosion up ahead. Mathewson dashed to one of the slits and felt his stomach drop as he saw a battleship ahead silhouetted by flame. "Lord, let me out and I'll change my ways," he said aloud. A direct hit had dissolved one of the destroyers.

The captain called for a stadimeter reading to determine the distance to the battleship ahead. A lieutenant on the bridge tried unsuccessfully to take a reading through the narrow slot in the armor. It would have been difficult in the daytime and it was virtually impossible at night.

"What kind of a crew have I got when I can't get a stadimeter reading?" the captain asked.

Mathewson felt sorry for the lieutenant. Over the lookout's phone came a voice, "Destroyer sinking on our starboard bow." The captain ordered left rudder, and the helmsman swung the wheel. They skirted the destroyer, then came back on their course. From over the phone came the Admiral's voice: "Fire when ready."

The men on the bridge looked at each other. For a full minute no word came over the amplifier from plot room, then a voice giving the range and bearing. The captain looked at Mathewson. "Tell them they can fire now." Mathewson relayed the command. He could hear compressed air being blown through the 16-inch barrels as the gun crews cleared them before loading. Thirty seconds later shells screamed out. The captain and the navigator were jarred away from their positions at the 'scopes, but voices came in over the phone.

"Right on!"

"The damn thing has dissolved!"

"Looked like a cruiser."

"That was a battleship!"

In rapid succession Mathewson heard a loud crash, a rolling explosion, and then the searing rattle of metal fragments as they crashed into cables, guns and superstructure. The ship shrugged, leaned back into a volley of 6- and 8-inch shells that raked through the sky control tower, topmost position on the ship.

Quickly Mathewson called sky control on the battle phone. "Patrick, you there?"

"Here, but our officers are dead, and all of us are wounded."

Mathewson asked for permission to go relieve Patrick but his request was denied. Mathewson and Patrick were close friends, and ow the

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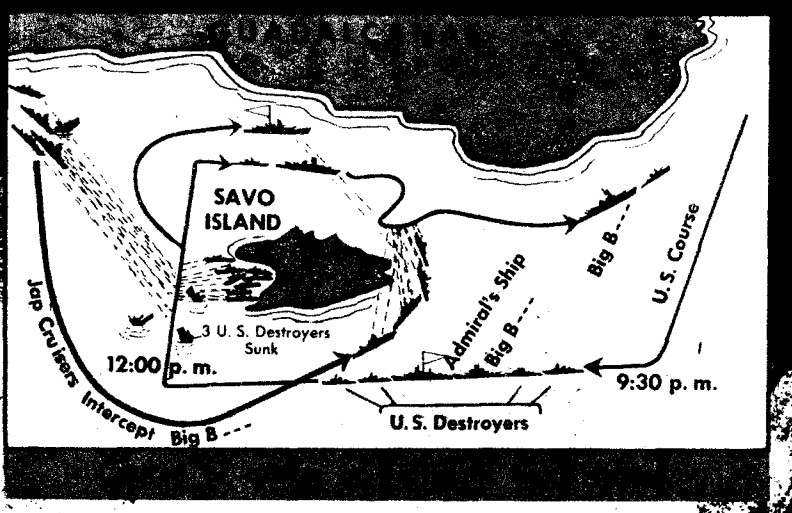
# of Hell



ral annals as the Fifth Battle of the omons.

On the afternoon of Nov. 14, a task ce consisting of the *Big Bastard* and sev- l other battleships and destroyers cut ay from its carrier for a little show of own. And at Savo Island, just north of adalcanal, it found a nest of hiding Jap ps and got mixed up in one of the rough- night surface engagements ever fought ywhere.

When general quarters sounded at 9:30, one aboard the *Big Bastard* knew the e or strength of the enemy. But at mid- ht someone on the bridge sighted three emy ships in the channel ahead and re- ted the formation to the Admiral's flag- p nearby. Fifteen minutes later the Ad- ral's ship fired a nine-gun salvo that set re the leading Jap battleship. From that ment on, the *Big Bastard* and the rest of U. S. task force saw plenty of action.

Her range finders set on the enemy fire, *Big B* swung her heavies into play, sunk her first target and blew up her second. Meanwhile Jap guns exploded three U. S. destroyers.

Big B's third target was a Kongo class battleship that passed her starboard beam and was cut in half by a salvo from her No. 3 turret aft. Her secondary batteries continued to pour fire into eight Jap destroyers hiding in a cove.

There was a lull then. *Big B* steamed alone in a circle of burning ships. The Admiral's battleship had disappeared in the darkness. Into the narrowest part of the cove came four more enemy ships. The second one threw searchlights on *Big B* and she opened fire. From her rear came supporting salvos, indicating that the Admiral's ship was still in the fight.

The assistance was welcome for *Big B* was being pounded heavily by the guns of three hard-punching Jap warships. Six- and 8-inch shells ripped through the top of her superstructure, then cut into her secondaries. Her deck was riddled with shrapnel. Fire broke out in the tattered superstructure. Her own wreckage lay everywhere.

But *Big B* kept right on rolling. She opened her main battery on the enemy line. Her secondaries chattered continuously and soon a tongue of fire poked up at the sky from each of the enemy ships. Then the *Big Bastard* knew she had won.

During the night, the *Big Bastard* and the other U. S. ships ran completely around the island and wiped out an enemy fleet in less than 50 minutes. Most of the men said later that they thought they had been running the channel at least half the night.

The story of that 50 minutes, as told by some of the men of the *Big Bastard's* crew, appears below.

thought of Patrick lying wounded on sky control beyond the help of anyone because of fires burning below him almost brought tears to his eyes.

Methodically *Big B* went on firing.

"Torpedo off the port bow."

"Hard starboard rudder."

The tremendous craft swung over. Everyone strained, bracing for another explosion above the crashing shells and shrapnel. The torpedo missed, but in the confusion following the battleship's evasion tactics she became separated from the other ships and lost her own course.

"If you swing to port you can go back out the way you came in," chart house advised, "but the water's shallow off that way. If you turn to starboard you have to go around the island.

"Starboard," said the captain. And then, as a pleasant afterthought, "Full speed ahead."

Six- and 8-inch shell fire peppered the bridge with steel fragments. It was almost impossible for shrapnel to penetrate the armor of the bridge but the men inside heard one shell smack through the gun director just aft the bridge and then explode against the chart house. Directions for course and bearing stopped coming in.

Over the amplifier from chart house came a voice, "My God, this man's bleeding to death. Send help. Hurry. Please hurry."

Melvin McSpadden, the engine control talker, was first to answer. "Sick bay is on this circuit and they'll send a doctor. Give us some bearings.

"This poor guy's bleeding to death. Have you got any bandages? I can't leave him like this."

McSpadden tore down a blackout curtain hanging over one of the slots, stuffed it through the aperture and shouted to a seaman on the catwalk outside, "Take this to the chart house quick."

Another torpedo was sighted and the ship swung sharply to starboard. From all over the ship came the excited voices of talkers. "We're heading for the beach!"

"Why did we make that turn to starboard?" The query came in over McSpadden's phone and he recognized it as that of Batt II, which he had thought abandoned.

He quickly reassured them: "The captain is conning the ship!" That stopped the queries, the torpedo failed to materialize, and the captain swung again to port. The huge ship churned up a massive letter "S" in white-topped water. Some of the waves in the wake astern were 20 feet high.

BATT II, which is the auxiliary control room situated inside the superstructure below the sky control tower, was the hardest hit portion of the ship. One of the talkers in Batt II was Tom Page S1c of Greensburg, Pa.

Page remembers it was a beautiful night. There was a big moon and it was very warm and quiet. The smell of gardenias was strong from off Florida Island. The association of the gardenias with the action that followed caused Page to lose all desire to smell a gardenia again.

Over the amplifier came a voice, "Guadalcanal on our starboard hand." Big vivid flashes lit the sky—some of it gun fire in the distance, some of it lightning. Everybody in Batt II was tense. Not until the *Big Bastard's* guns went off did everyone's confidence return. Page went to one of the slots and watched the shells fly through the air like three red dots slowly converging into one, then landing off in the distance. He saw Japs running back and forth on the beach with flashlights.

"Help me find my shoe," Robertson said.

Page sat in a corner on an overturned bucket, feeling comfortable now that the big guns were booming. He noticed that the commander, usually a very nervous man, was very calm. Then he was knocked off his bucket by a shell hit. The molten metal from the shell ran across the floor like lava and he stepped out of the way. Steam pipes were broken, electrical fires sputtered. Noise and heat from the steam were unbearable. He screamed over the phone to engine control to shut off the auxiliary steam line that went through the compartment to the whistle. Somebody on the bridge answered, "They heard you, Page," and in a moment added, "Secure and get out if there's nothing else you can do."

Several men who had walked out on the catwalk reported that flames were climbing up the tower. Robertson, a quartermaster third class, came through the opening from the catwalk and said, "I've lost my shoe, help me find my shoe." He stood there holding one bare foot off the hot deck, groping in the dark. Everyone helped him, even two commanders. The shoe was not found until next morning—under a body on the catwalk.

No direct hits had been scored on Batt II but flames, explosions and escaping steam threw the place into disorder. Bernard Wenke S1c, the auxiliary helmsman, had been thrown from behind the wheel and lodged in between the bulkhead and the deck. He stayed there, keeping one hand stretched out to hold the bottom of the wheel. Not until flames from below made the deck almost red hot and set his pants afire did he move.

The executive officer pushed aside one of the men to look out the slot and drew back his hand covered with blood. For the first time he realized that men had been wounded. He called for a talker to relay the information to the bridge but

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got no answer. He felt in the darkness until he found a talker with phones on and dragged him to a standing position. Shaking him vigorously, he gave him the message to relay. The talker repeated the message over the phone, and the commander walked away. The talker slumped back to the deck.

Another officer came into the compartment. He walked to the quartermaster and said in a strained voice, "Feel my arm. It's been hit and I can't tell if it's still there. Go ahead, tell me."

The men poured water on the flaming life jacket.

The quartermaster, still standing without his shoe, timidly reached for the officer's shoulder but then decided to find out the other way. He groped his way up the officer's leg until he came to his hip, then reached out for his hand. Finding it still there, he ran his hand up the officer's arm until he came to a gaping shrapnel wound in his shoulder. He reported what he had found and the officer said "Thanks" and walked out.

During the entire action one of the lookouts standing by a slot kept repeating in a low voice: "Lord, I'm scared. Nobody has any idea how scared I am. How could anyone be this scared? My God, I'm scared." He said that over and over for about 10 minutes. Nobody thought it strange.

Men began crawling to their feet. Above the noise of the steam and the fire there rose excited voices. Men asked each other who was hurt, where was the ship damaged, how high were the flames. They speculated on their own chances of getting out. Occasionally they shot glances at the executive officer looking for help. He noticed but didn't know what to say. Finally he blurted out, "Shut up! I'll do all the talking in here!"

The talking stopped. Only the noise of the steam escaping could be heard above the gunfire below. Then the gunfire ceased and within a minute the steam went off. A new noise could be heard now—the moans of the injured and the dying. Pharmacist's mates went among them, injecting shots of morphine. From below came the noise of damage control parties, fighting their way through with hoses and extinguishers. Page grabbed the end of a hose that was passed up to him and pulled on it but it was too heavy. As someone walked past him into Batt II he called out, "Lend a hand, you fool!"

"Shut up, Page," said a voice. "That's Commander Gorton!"

"That's all right," said the commander, "I'm just one of the boys."

Working with the hose they extinguished the flames, then settled back in the darkness to await further action. The steel under their feet was still so hot that they were compelled to keep moving. Outside on the catwalk Page noticed a life jacket on one of the bodies periodically smoulder and burst into flame. Using steel helmets, the men scooped water from the compartment deck and poured it on the life jacket.

DAMAGE control parties are formed when general quarters sounds. They go to their posts and wait for calls. When there is damage in their area they run to the spot with equipment that includes everything from fire extinguishers to monkey wrenches.

John Hagenbuch was a nozzle man on a hose party. While he was directing the stream on a fire in the shadow of the No. 3 turret, Chief Turret Capt. Bowman came out from inside and passed the word for the group to move along. He was ready to fire a salvo and the concussion would be tremendous.

Everybody evacuated the area but Hagenbuch. Standing at the head of the line, he had been forgotten when the word was passed. The guns lowered directly over his head and went off with a blinding flash.

Hagenbuch was thrown to the deck so hard he almost bounced. Slowly he staggered to his feet, temporarily blinded and deafened by the explosion. It had been so powerful that two planes were blown out of their catapults and into the sea.

As Hagenbuch groped his way back and forth, the guns went off with another mighty roar and again he was thrown to the deck. One of Hagenbuch's hose men saw the whole action and rushed out, lifted him to his feet and dragged him away from the turret as a third salvo thundered.

Thirty minutes later he was back on his feet, volunteering to climb to the top of a smoke stack to put out a fire there.

WHEN John P. Buck left Athens, Ohio, and enlisted in the Navy he went in as an apprentice seaman. Several months later, while cruising the Pacific, the chaplain found that Buck could type. He got him a rating and had him placed on the muster roll as chaplain's yeoman.

Buck's duty at general quarters was after-battery lookout. Technically speaking, his post was in the surface, horizon and lower sky lookout station, situated just below the after main battery direction finder.

Buck leaned against the open door to the compartment and felt the warmth and silence of the night. Early in the channel run he had noticed the smell of the gardenias and had started to put on his gas mask before a talker on the bridge told him the smell was really just gardenias. About 65 feet aft from where he stood, Buck could see the big 16-inch barrels poked out over the starboard rail. He was lazily watching them when they suddenly fired a salvo with a deafening roar. Buck was picked up bodily and thrown inside the compartment. He heard his helmet fly off and strike a bulkhead 30 feet away, then roll around the floor. The explosion blinded him for about 15 minutes, during which time he groped on the floor and found his helmet. When he took it off the next morning he found it wasn't his. Whose it was and where it came from, he never learned.

Regaining his sight and finding that there was a lull in the battle, Buck offered to aid the pharmacist's mates in caring for the wounded. Before he could leave, however, the after battery once again opened fire, so Buck stayed where he was.

Over five miles away a 14-inch shell came screaming out the muzzle of a gun on a Jap battleship. Buck first saw it when it was about two miles away from him, looming larger and larger as a red dot in the sky. He knew it was going to hit and knelt down in the compartment.

The shell came through at exactly deck level. It tore through a slight coaming where the deck joins the hull, made two neat holes through a rim around a hatch leading below, and then crashed against the barbette of the after turret. There was a blinding flash and roar, and shrapnel rained down like cinders. Buck mentally marked turret No. 3 off his list. But when he went out to look he found that the turret was still there but beside it was a yawning hole in the deck.

Looking over the starboard rail he saw a Jap ship racing up. He reported it but worriedly wondered how they were ever going to hit it with the after turret almost certainly out of action. Then he heard the secondaries open fire with a staccato bang-bang-bang, finally reaching the ear-splitting regularity of machine-gun firing, though in each of the little turrets men were flinging in shells by hand.

The after turret, meanwhile, turned slowly toward the approaching ship, now so close that the elevation on the barrels was almost nil.

Nobody was more amazed than Buck when the after turret fired. He had no idea it was still in action. Then he saw that the Jap ship had been hit almost point-blank by all three shells. There was a big flash where the ship had been and then smoking, bubbling water. In the few seconds before the Jap went under Buck had seen one of its turrets fly high into the air and the ship start to split in the middle. But it sank before it had a chance to fall apart.

The firing stopped and Buck left to help in the care of the wounded. At sick bay he found men stretched out on every available table with doctors and pharmacist's mates working over them while standing in 4 inches of blood and water on the deck.

He was sent with a doctor to the top of the superstructure to help the wounded men who had been cut off there. Only Patrick was still there. The doctor stayed with Patrick, giving Buck syrettes of morphine to administer inside the superstructure on the way down.

Descending on the inside of the tower, Buck found a man lying on one of the upper levels with one leg shot off. He took out his knife and walked over to a dangling electrical wire, cut it loose and wrapped it around the injured man's leg. He wrenched loose the shattered rung of a ladder and used it to twist through the wire, making a tourniquet.

On the next level down he felt his feet get tangled in something in the water on the deck. An officer came along with a flashlight and they discovered that his legs were entwined by someone's insides floating on the water.

He kicked himself loose and went down to the main deck where he saw a man sitting wearily against a bulkhead.

"Hey Mac, are you okay?" asked Buck.

No answer came so Buck asked him again. When he got no answer this time, Buck reached down to feel his pulse. The man was already cold. Buck left and went back to his post.

UP above decks the wounded Patrick was giving out morphine. Page was trying hard to keep breathing above the escaping steam, and Buck was trying to recover his sight after being dazed by shell fire. Below decks, in engine control room, was Chief Yeoman Cheek reading an old issue of the *Reader's Digest*.

The huge panel of gauges in front of him was functioning perfectly. The engine was at top

Below decks, Cheek read the Reader's Digest.

speed, the boilers were maintaining a magnificent head of steam, and the blowers were keeping the room quite cool and comfortable. When a command came through, Cheek carried it out, then returned to his reading.

There was nothing else to do.

The noise of the battle was distant and removed. Around him the men stood talking quietly or merely looking at the gauges. In a vague sort of a way they all worried about the 600 pounds of steam coursing through the pipes all around them. Engineers always worry about steam. But they had faith in the armor, faith in the engine, faith in each other.

So Cheek kept on reading the *Reader's Digest*.

Some reports of injuries could be heard over the phone but not much. The men down in engine control couldn't tell the difference between hits and the noise of their own guns.

It was morning when Cheek walked up onto the deck and saw the destruction. Then he realized, for the first time, how many shells had ripped into the ship during the night.

After he saw the damage, he couldn't sleep for three days.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 43
APR. 16, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

WHAT ABOUT V-MAIL?

We expect to get some squawks from overseas soldiers on one change YANK advocated last week in its editorial requesting an overhaul of the APO regulations.

YANK asked the Army Postal Service to change the rules so that overseas soldiers could get packages of necessary stuff without the approval of a CO. We also proposed that first-class mail be limited to V-Mail for ordinary correspondence.

This V-Mail angle is the one that is going to rub some overseas men the wrong way. Some of you have written that you don't like V-Mail. YANK's overseas men report the same thing. The complaints seem to be that V-Mail letters are too short, and that they pass through so many hands that everybody but the supply sergeant gets a chance to read them before their delivery. "Billboard mail," some of you call it.

Granted V-Mailers are short. People can write oftener, can't they? As for the other complaint, it doesn't stack up with the facts. We took a look at the set-up before writing this piece, just to be sure we weren't feeding you any malarkey.

The fact is that careful precautions are taken so that nobody but the censor sees V-Mail. The V-Mail machine works automatically. The only time V-Mail forms get into anybody's hands is when they are opened for processing. The men who open the mail have to maintain a speed of opening 500 letters an hour, because they feed a machine that processes 20,000 an hour. It's like an assembly line in a factory, supervised all the way by postal inspectors. Going through the machine, the letters are *folded shut,* impossible to read. After processing, the original letters are locked up until the V-mail reaches its destination, and then the originals are *burned in an incinerator,* again under the eagle eyes of the postal inspectors. At the other end of the line, the same fast processing takes place. Try to read anything that goes past your eyes at the rate of 20,000 an hour.

The greatest advantage of V-Mail is that it *can't get lost.* If a boat carrying regular mail is sunk, the mail is gone forever. (One ship went down with 50,000 letters aboard.) If a plane carrying V-Mail is lost, a duplicate V-Mail copy of the letter is en route within three or four days. Not until the V-Mail is *delivered* to you is the original letter burned. It seems sensible to encourage V-Mail that *can't get lost* in favor of boat mail that might be sunk.

In case you wonder why we didn't let well enough alone on that V-Mail business and just shout for a change in the package regulations, here's why:

In order to get something, you've got to give something. If we ask the APS to let us get packages, which will increase the load on boats, then we have to take the load off the boats somewhere else. The place to do it is in letters. V-Mail is here to stay anyway; nothing we can do will change that. So we urge the use of V-Mail if it means we can get more packages.

That's fair, isn't it? The system YANK advocates would work. It would result in faster delivery of letters by putting them on planes, thus releasing ship space for packages. It would also keep the credit merchants and a lot of people you don't know from writing silly letters in such volume that there won't be room for the letters you do want from home.

STRICTLY G.I.

Official WD Saving Plan

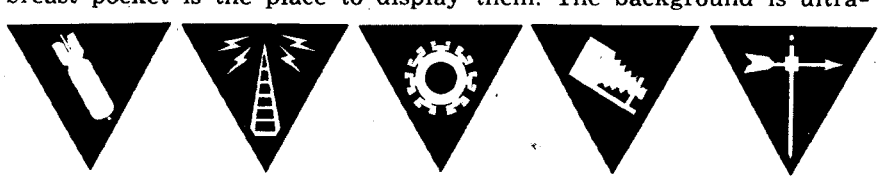
If you are at a remote post where you can't spend your dough, you might look into a special savings plan called *Soldiers' Deposits.* It's sponsored by the WD and pays 4 percent interest on deposits for six months or over. Any EM may deposit his savings in amounts of not less than $5. These, under certain circumstances, may be withdrawn before your discharge if the need arises. They'll be forfeited only in case of desertion. If you're interested, see your paymaster or disbursing officer.

New GI Shoes

The QMC has come through with a new shoe, "Army Service Shoe Type 3." A full rubber sole replaces the rubber tap and heel of previous models, but the radical innovation is that the leather has been turned inside out. The smooth side is more comfortable next to your foot, and the rough side is easier to soften by rubbing after the shoes get wet. Best of all, the new shoes won't have to be shined because they can't be. Issue is starting overseas right away and eventually will work back to the U. S. to replace all those shoes that took so much elbow grease.

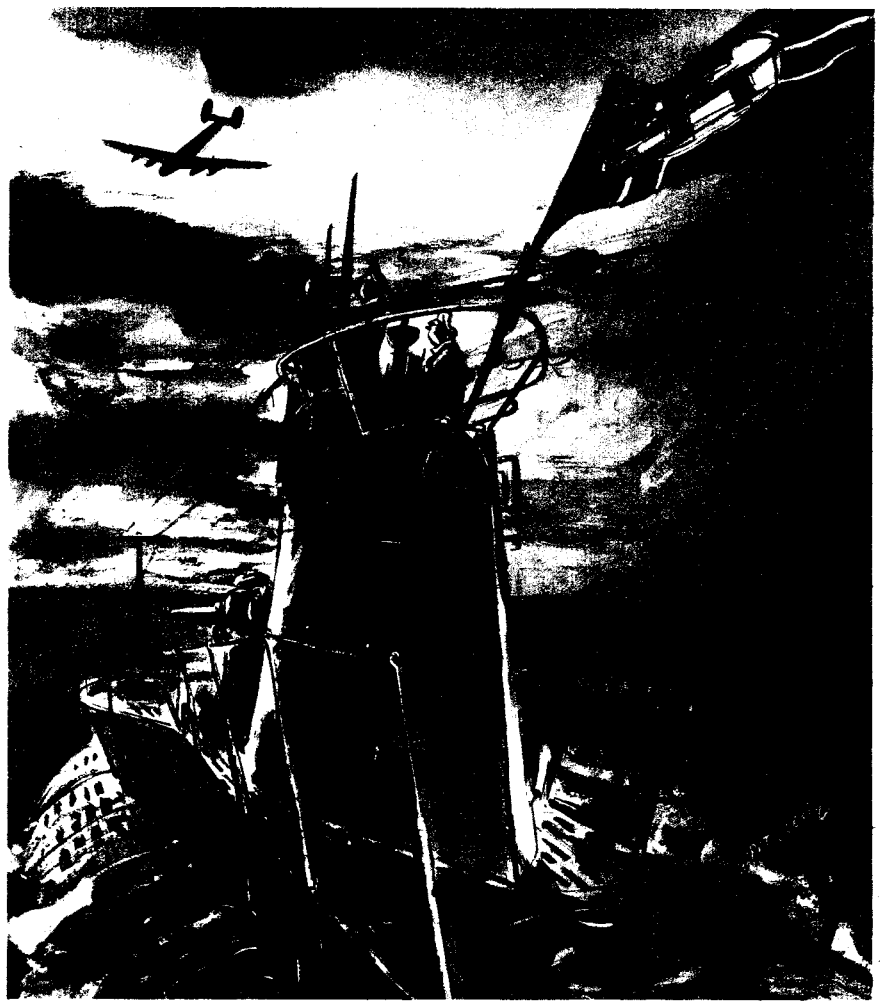
Sleeve Patches for AAF Technicians

Enlisted technical specialists in the AAF have been issued five types of sleeve patches showing the kind of work they do. The patches, which are shown here, are 2½-inch triangles. They are to be worn centered on the outside of the right sleeve, except on fatigues, where the left breast pocket is the place to display them. The background is ultramarine blue, with the distinguishing design in gold. To determine the exact insignia you are entitled to wear look up AAF Regulation No. 35-12.



ARMAMENT COMMUNICATIONS ENGINEERING PHOTOGRAPHY WEATHER

V-MAIL



Domestic PX Items Limited

PXs within the continental U. S. have given up their high priority ratings on items such as wrist watches, flashlights and batteries, articles of clothing, and accessories. Overseas PXs will naturally benefit. This doesn't mean that the stuff won't be sold in the U. S., but it may be harder to get. Items not affected are candies, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum, tobacco, toilet articles and equipment-cleaning items. So you'll still be able to polish your buttons, but if you want to buy a watch, go to Africa.

Letters From Home

The latest war problem bothering the folks at home, reports the New York Public Library, is how to write the kind of letters soldiers would most enjoy. The library has received so many requests for help that it has compiled a special series of books on letter-writing, with special emphasis on love letters. The romantic sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the library reports, are the favorite reference book for wives and sweethearts. No adequate substitute, however, has been found for "I love you."

Amphibious Jeep

Of doubtful parentage is the new sea-going jeep. It has a body like a boat and a propeller to push it through rivers, lakes, and ocean surf on a landing party. But it's still a ¼-ton, four-wheel drive truck on land, capable of carrying five men and doing everything else a jeep can do. There's also a power-driven winch at the bow, which, with a rope, can pull it up the steepest bank of any stream it chooses to cross.

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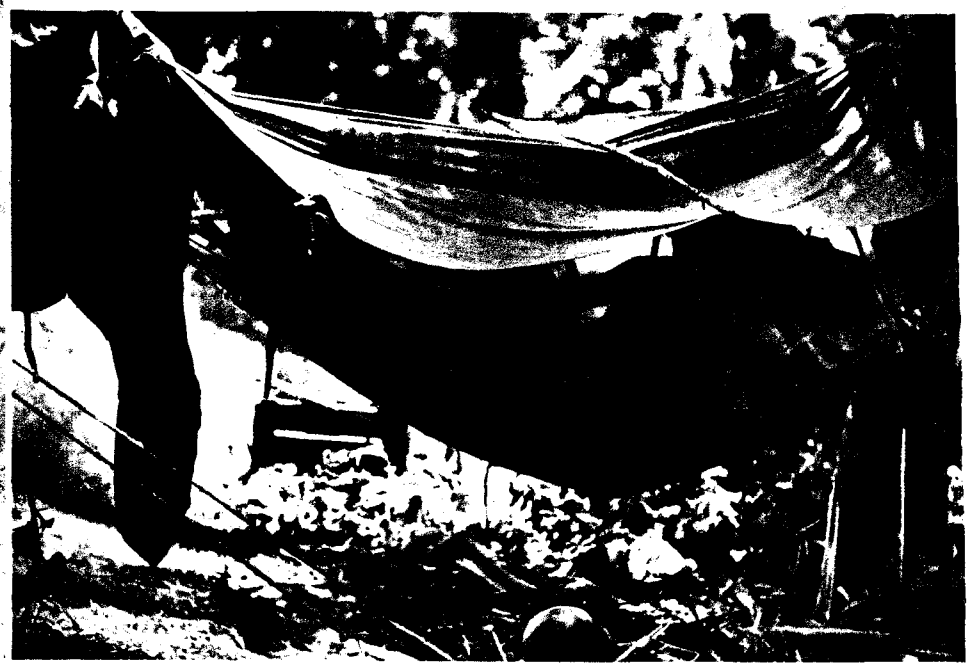
GRAVE MARKER. So that the dead will not be forgotten, S/Sgt. Clarence Barnes records dog tag to send to War Department.

THE ENGINEERS. These GIs are building a corduroy road of cocor palm logs, so that Army supply transport won't bog down in the tropical m



[illegible] SUPPORT Or is it? Anyway Pfc. Walter Harvey of Cincinna Ohio, rests in a pretty special hammock, complete with built-in mosquito be

New Guinea

MAKE WAY! Litter bearers jump from an assault boat with a wounded Yank before carrying him on a half-run to a hospital.

JAP EXPEDITION. The enemy landed with these barges and move. on Port Moresby but were chased back and annihilated by Yanks and Aussies

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Battleground

SWIMMING HOLE. When this was Jap territory a Fortres bomb blasted this crater. Warfare has skeletonized the jungl

SHARPSHOOTER CREW. This machine-gun trio—Sgt. Don Auler, Cpl. Gilbert Marquadt and Sgt. Harley Rundhaug—is credited with over 24 Japs.

VICTORY SMILES. Tired but happy Yank infantrymen ride a Jap truck down a road up which they fought a few days befo

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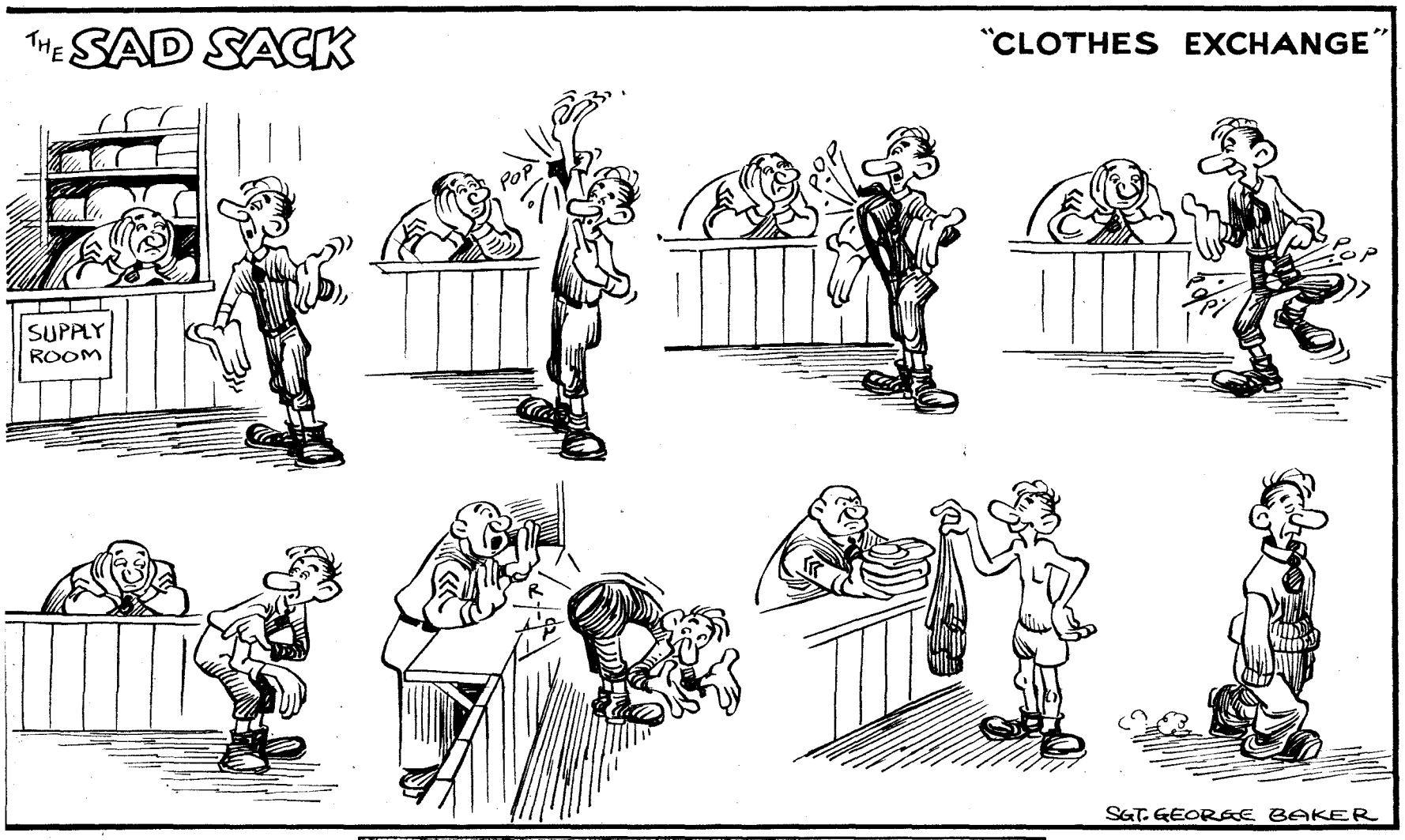


A SAGA OF THE RUGGED NORTH

With proper apologies to Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland."

"You are aging, Sgt. Williams," the corporal said,
"And your hair has become very white;
What's more, you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think that your mind is quite right?"

"You are new to this Alaskan land," The sarge was heard to state.
"Another year and you'll understand
That I'm bucking for Section Eight."

"You are aging," said the lad, "as I mentioned before,
And have circles under your eye:
And you turned a back somersault in at the door—
Pray, wouldst explain to me why?"

"In the States," quoth the sarge, as he flipped his slack lip,
"I oft would go out on a date;
Two years have passed since I saw a svelte hip,
And I'm ready for Section Eight."

"Thou hast stripes," mused the boy, "so one would deem
As wise as the law alloweth;
Yet you stumble about as if in a dream,
And sometimes froth at the mouth."

"Ere the war," said the sarge, "a tipler was I,
With a taste for whisky straight;
Now two arid years have passed me by,
And I'm prime for Section Eight."

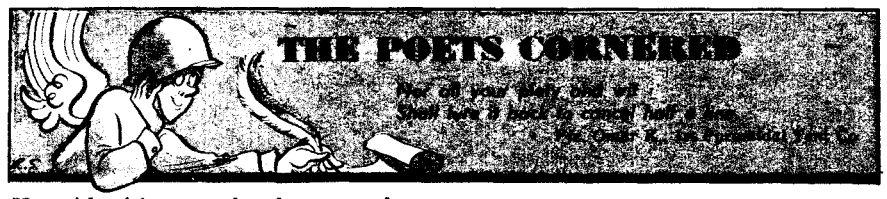
—Pfc. WILFRED L. ANDES

Alaska

VICE VERSA

Though Kipling knew ladies and life in the East,
What he learned about women, won't help in the least.

His poem called "The Ladies" made quite a big hit,
But there's one little part that doesn't quite fit.



He said with great frankness, and no doubt was right,
"The things that you learn from the Yellow and Brown will help you a lot with the White."

I got along fine with a pale-faced gal I knew in my own home town,
But I can't understand (that poem failed to show) her connection with "Yellow and Brown."

—Cpl. THOMAS HAWKINS

New Guinea.

REASSURANCE ON THE HOME FRONT

My heart is yours and immune to theft,
Since sizing up the men who are left.
They all are old with creaking knees
And soon catch cold under apple trees.
So calm your fears, beware of the WAAC;
I belong to you till some men come back.

—Sgt. E. BLACKWELL

Robins Field, Ga.

FIRST ARTICLE OF WAR

Don't trifle
With your rifle.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

BOOMERANG

Now that food's to be rationed
Among America's millions,
Soldiers'll soon be sending
Packages home to civilians.

—Pfc. SAMUEL P. GRAPMAN

AAFTTC, Miami Beach, Fla.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

"I say there, supply sergeant, how do you fare?"
A growl, "I'm busy—and what do you care?"
"Oh, come now," we soothe, "don't go off in a huff;
We just sort of wondered how you do your stuff.
This room you preside over—floor up to rafter
And filled with equipment we're forever after—
Is a model of neatness. The outfit is proud

Of you and your work, and their praises are loud."
A grin cracks his features. Could be that he'll say—
It could be and is—in a tone almost gay:
"I got forms, requisitions, three-twos and three-threes,
Memorandums and receipts. The work is a breeze
When Joe, my assistant, for private or sarges
Procures what they want, or a statement of charges.
I got what you want and I get what you need,
And to army procedure I pay strictest heed."

His smile is a radiant expression of one
Who is well satisfied that a good job's been done.
We talk of the weather and some other topics
Of those whom we like and of prejudiced top kicks.
"Ah, yes," he resumes, "there are methods that work,
That to some men are clear and to others just murk.
At one time or other we best get supplies
When some guys don't ask questions and we don't tell lies!"

—M/Sgt. LARRY McCABE

England

CAN WE GO BACK?

A soldier back from the lines, far-staring, dirty, worn thin,
Sat musing of war in the islands, and what it can do to men.

His outfit had been in the thing too long, too long for men to stay
In the jungle's hell of mud and heat, where three hours mean decay.

In the hills where machine guns sputter and mortar bursts spread wide,
He'd fought till his arms hung useless, and something within him had died.

Kill or be killed is the way it goes—it's always him or me;
There's no other way to live up there; it's the way things have to be.

Keep down the fear that gnaws inside when a sniper's shot hits near,
Damn a man you can't even see, and hit where a man breaks clear.

For fear a man can't live with; it's blind madness that makes him go
Into the face of fire and hell. The Lord must have made it so.

We ask no mercy and give none, and a rifle's butt of steel
Will knock out teeth *so easy*. . . . God! we've lost our power to feel.

We shoot when danger's right on us and shoot when a man's asleep.
Who gives a damn how we kill 'em—as long as death will keep?

They made all of us killers, and we've laughed at the sight of blood.
I wonder if ever we'll know again the sweetness of a white rose bud?

Can we go back to the polite old ways? Can we change to a civvy suit,
And smile and be tender and thoughtful . . . after eating forbidden fruit?

Can we ever be refined and decent, like most of us had been?
War in the islands is ugly, and it does strange things to men.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS

Guadalcanal

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MESSAGE CENTER

"Joe Cohen, regardless of where they send you keep your chin up. I hope to see you in the near future."—**Pfc. Aaron A. Cohen,** 32d Base Hq. and Air Base Sq., Davis Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . **Pvt. F. Baldino,** Co. A, 504 Parachute Inf., Fort Bragg, N. C., would like to hear from **T/Sgt. Joseph Tanney** over in Africa. . . . **Pfc. William J. Shout,** Co. A, 733 MP Bn., Randolph Park, Tucson, Ariz., wants news from **Cpl. Robert Scott** and **Pfc. Maurice Sharp** who were stationed in Camp Davis, N. C. with Btry. L, 100 CA. . . . **2d Lt. Charles J. Kovanic,** 56th Gen. Hospital, Fort Jackson, S. C., wishes to send his best wishes to his friend **Alex M. Sutter** somewhere in Australia or New Guinea. . . . **Cpl. Robert L. Wolfe,** Hq. Co., 28th QM Salvage Depot, Fort George G. Meade, Md., would like to make contact with **Bill Stroup** of Peoria, Ill.; **Bob North** of Hollywood, Calif.; and **Don McBeath,** Phil, Ky. . . . "James P. Smith, why don't you leave the card playing and drop me a line?"—**S/Sgt. John Bright,** 806 Eng. Det., APO 861, PM, N. Y. . . . Will **Pvt. Bill Adams,** the GI who spanked Winston Churchill's daughter [YANK, August, 1942] write to **Pfc. Leonard V. Jagt,** 40th Tr. Cr. Sqd., 317th Gp., APO 922, PM, San Francisco? . . . **Pfc. Gordon W. Ketchum,** 1020th PTTS (4 Eng.), Tarrant Field, Fort Worth, Tex., wants news from **TWC graduates,** class of '39. . . . "**Norman J. Schoalcraf,** hope you are knocking 'em dead. Let's hear from you."—Cpl. Robert S. Bushnell, 83d F Sq. 7 F Gp., APO 637, PM, N. Y. . . . **2d Lt. Ben M. Bronstein,** 12th Med. Tng. Bn., Camp Pickett, Va., has a message for **Cpl. Milton O. Bowen** of Baltimore, now in Australia. . . . **1st Sgt. Ernest J. Grimm,** Station Hospital, Selman Field, Monroe, La., would like to hear from friends who were at the Station Hospital, Fort Hancock, N. Y., from 1937-40. . . . **Pfc. Albert Sanders,** Btry C, 244th CA, APO 935, Seattle, Wash., to his cousin **Eddie Shapiro:** "Hi, Ed. How about dropping me a line?" . . . **Pvt. Bill Anderson,** 42nd Gen. Hospital, APO 923, PM, San Francisco, wants to hear from his brother, friends in the **Med. Dept., 191 FA,** and **Buddy Mitchel.** . . . **Sgt. Maurice Jenkinson,** 730 Ord. Co., Camp Blanding, Fla., says hello to **Sgt. Franklin Phillips** and **Bill Featherstone** and asks them to write.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Kerekes

Bogdan

Mastraccio

Pfc. John M. Kerekes, 698th Sig. Corps, APO 913, San Francisco, separated from William Moses at Camp Upton, N. Y., says: "I've written you 10 letters in the last year but never received an answer. This is my last hope of reaching you." . . . **Cpl. Joe Bogdan,** Serv. Co., 33d Inf., APO 869, N. Y., wants to say hello to his brother John at Fort Bragg, N. C. "Answer my letters, John," he says. . . . **Sgt. William Mastraccio,** N. Atlantic, is puzzled over not hearing from George T. Williams and Joe Carmody. "Have you forgotten the good times we had at the beach? For old times sake let's hear from you," he says.

Azarian

Turnquist

Bennetts

From his N. Atlantic base, **Pvt. Harold Azarian** sends this: "Hello, Charley Costa. How are you doing? Is there any future in craps where you're stationed? I have a good job now, but no luck getting a rating." . . . The GI in the Indian zoot suit is **Pvt. Turnquist.** He wants to say hello to his folks back home in San Gabriel, Calif., and his pals at Mardi Field, Calif. . . . **Cpl. Ray Bennetts,** stationed in the N. Atlantic, wants to know what the boys in the old 63d Brigade are doing. "I'm still in the Signal Service Company," he says, "but no longer a lineman. They hooked me into the supply section instead. Where are you guys now?"

Evans

Gilmartin

Jeffcoat

From his station in Panama, **Sgt. John A. Evans** sends a message to Pvt. Glen Ruble in Ireland. "Have you learned the Irish jig?" he asks. "*La rhumba esta muy buen.*" . . . **Pvt. Mike Gilmartin,** stationed in the N. Atlantic, hopes Bud Carr in the Signal Corps will read this message: "Remember the Owl Club? I'll be seeing you there soon, but in the meantime write." . . . **Pfc. W. W. Jeffcoat** has been with the Marines since March 1941 as plane mechanic. He's had no news from his pal, Pvt. Martin Fox, stationed at Gunter Field, Ala., and asks him to write: VMSB, 244, MAG 24, FPO, San Francisco.

Stiles

Robertson

Maisano

S/Sgt. William W. Stiles is anxious to hear from his two friends, Sgt. Louis D. Wise and Pvt. Gene Gay, who were last heard from in the Philippines. "Hope you are still kicking," he says. "Write me when you get a chance." . . . **Keith Robertson SF3c,** at the Naval Air Station, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., wants to send a word across the sea to his brother, Robert Hudson Robertson, with the Army somewhere in Africa. . . . **Pvt. Sam Maisano** wants Joe Rubino of Detroit to know he likes it fine in his base [censored] in the N. Atlantic, but he'd like it better if Joe wrote more often.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Here we have a GI swatting a mosquito. A gentleman of fashion, he is wearing all of the costume jewelry popular in this sector. On his second finger, left hand, is a ring fashioned from an aluminum bolt from the innards of a Mitsubishi. On his right he sports a ring made from an Australian florin (approximate value 32 cents). His dog tags—or meat tickets, as the Aussies call them—are suspended from a string of sea shells purchased from the natives. Since he is sentimental he has strung a quarter with the beads, one of the few U. S. coins, incidentally, to be found in New Guinea. The cross was carved from the plastic wind screen of another Mitsubishi. His wristbands were cut from a section of a Zero belly tank. He obviously purchased his shorts in Australia but the wool socks are issue.

New Guinea —**Pvt. TOM CREEM**

Dear YANK:

I agree with "PO Soldier," kicking about service pilots wearing combat wings [in a March issue of YANK]. But how about these Johns wearing those red, white and blue ribbons which are manufactured for civilian consumption? It's a disgrace to the uniform and burns up guys who wear ribbons as legitimate medals and for campaigns. We saw a corporal at Salt Lake Air Base with a ribbon with three stars in it. We jumped him and he said he had two brothers and a cousin in the service, hence the stars. We agreed we'd seen everything. If those particular people are so ribbon-crazy, I know lots of guys who've been in the Solomons since it started that will trade places.

—**S/Sgt. H. E. SWINNEY**

Salina, Kans.

Dear YANK:

In YANK last December there was one article we disagree with in every respect. This article was headed, "This Guy Wouldn't Be a Captain, It Called for Too Much Red Tape," and in our estimation it is a crock of hocky. After having served a year in Australia at an Advance Air Base Squadron, we have worked nine hours per day and seven days per week. So far we have never seen any of these so-called "fast promotions," as your 90-day-wonder correspondent calls them. Believe me, we have a crack service squadron and some damn good mechanics in charge of us. These men have attended school and gained practical experience of a year's work, yet are only staff and technical sergeants and are still waiting for the chance to apply for Officer Candidate School. I myself have been a pfc. since July 1942 in the carpenter trade after three years of this trade in civilian life, and there are no signs of my becoming a master sergeant yet.

—**Pfc. JOSEPH A. KOESTNER**

Australia

Dear YANK:

Will you do me a favor and put this in about the WAACs? In the first place I don't like the way they look. In the second place they should be home knitting—that's my opinion. I figured this was a man's army but I can see I am mistaken. The only man's outfit left is the Marines. Even the Navy has its worries with women. A woman has always been the ruination of a good man.

—**Pvt. A. BOCCHINO**

New Guinea

■ There are gals in the Marines now, pal.

Dear YANK:

We hadn't been over here in England very long till three of us guys bought a phonograph, the three being Sgt. Willis B. Zumwalt from California, Cpl. Leo H. Fellmar from Chicago and myself. A few days later we wrote Bing Crosby for a few of his latest recordings, then completely forgot about it till one day at mail call we received a large package containing one dozen brand new records from the Decca Record Co. of New York. We think Bing is a swell guy.

—**Cpl. MORRIS W. WOOD**

England

Dear YANK:

There is a buddy of mine here from Pennsylvania. His sister wrote him that she could not send him a package because he was in foreign service. But if he was a sailor or marine she could send him a package. Is that fair to the soldiers? Are the Navy and Marines better than the Army? After all we are all fighting the same war for the same cause.

—**Pfc. GEORGE L. GREENE**

Nome, Alaska

■ We agree something should be done and are advocating a change in regulations. (See last week's and this week's editorials.)

Dear YANK:

I have been on foreign soil for the past year and recently spent 15 days in the States on leave. I arrived home only to find that gasoline had been rationed out. I proceeded to my draft board to see if I could arrange to secure a few gallons, only to find they could not help me. They referred me to the gasoline ration board, and the only satisfaction I got there was, "Sorry, but no provision has been made for the men in the service." Now my kick is that we are doing our damndest to end this war and should at least be able to get a few gallons of gasoline.

—**Cpl. VINCENT F. SENHOUSE**

British Columbia, Canada

Dear YANK:

Having been in both Greenland and Labrador as late as October 1942 I would like to give you my opinion on these places. Greenland is definitely the more barren of the two, having no trees at all, while Labrador does have some evergreens. The boys in Greenland are taking their plight much better than those at Labrador. They had good food, American cigarettes to the tune of a pack a day and some candy once in a while. They had GI candy on the mess tables then. Having been to church services in Greenland myself, I wonder what prompted 1st Sgt. Hromadka [in a February issue of YANK] to put in his remark about seeing the chaplain. His meditation period would give him something to do.

—**S/Sgt. J. W. WYNE**

Barksdale Field, La.

Dear YANK:

I am an engineer soldier on the Alcan Highway detail, and YANK is one paper we read with much pleasure. An edition in December had something pertaining to this work and the recreation we have by Pfc. S. J. Janov, under the title "Who Said the Scenery Was Nice on This Alcan Highway." I want to thank him for telling the truth how hard we worked. But I noticed he spoke about ping-pong tables, recreation halls and a bowling alley, and various other games for fun and recreation. They may have those things for the white soldiers but they don't have any for us colored soldiers.

—**Sgt. GORDON BROWLEY**

Alcan Highway

■ Fire destroyed two wooden warehouses full of recreational equipment, which is why it was not distributed.

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HOLLYWOOD—Exhibitors in the International Beauty Show in New York have named three movie queens as tops of their own special types. They named Janet Blair as No. 1 blond, Joy Hodges as their favorite brunette, and Rita Hayworth as the red head they liked best. Rita, incidentally is back at work at Columbia after serving a five-week suspension for refusing to play a part assigned to her. The part has been fattened up. . . . Rosemary LaPlanche, chosen Miss America in 1941, will have a top spot in the new RKO film, "Petty Girl." . . . When Mickey Rooney returned home from his Army physical (which he did not pass) he found that his father had received a phone call from somebody who wanted to murder Mickey.

Rita Hayworth

SWING—Harold Rome, who wrote "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," now is Pvt. Rome, U. S. Army. . . . Paul Whiteman, who is getting fat again, has been named music director at NBC. . . . Here is *Down Beat's* list of band leaders in the service: **Army,** Eddie Brandt, Billy Bishop, Eddie Comden, Munson Compton, Bobby Day, Eddie Dunstedter, Freddy Ebener, Baron Elliot, Charlie Fisk, Emerson Gill, Cecil Golly, Horace Henderson, Dean Hudson, Bob Helm, Wayne King, Joey Kearns, Teddy King, Ivan Kobasic, Bill LeRoy, Buddy Lewis, Glenn Miller, Mel Marvin, Ray McKinley, Herman Miller, Eddy Morgan, Hal Munro, Sev Olson, Pancho, Ray Pearl, Dave Rose, Ellis Stukenberg, Pierson Thal, Paul Tremaine, Bill Turner, Joe Vera, Jon Wells, Buddy Williams, Meredith Wilson, Sterling Young. **Navy,** Del Casino, Buddy Clark, Eddy Duchin, Sam Donahue, Emery Deutsch, Bill Hummel, Dick Jurgens, Hal Leonard, Michael Loring, Clyde McCoy, Bobby Parks, Artie Shaw, Claude Thornhill, Orrin Tucker, Emil Velazco, Ranny Weeks, Herbie Woods. **Coast Guard,** Dick Stabile, Rudy Vallee. **Merchant Marine,** Phil Harris, Gerald Marks, Ted Weems.

Paul Whiteman

Prizes are awarded to those who do the best job of Blockbusting one big word into many little ones. This week's word is

ARTILLERY

Here are the rules:

1) Using only letters appearing in the above word, see how many shorter words you can find. (Here are some acceptable words you can use: A, TIRE, TILL, TILLER.)

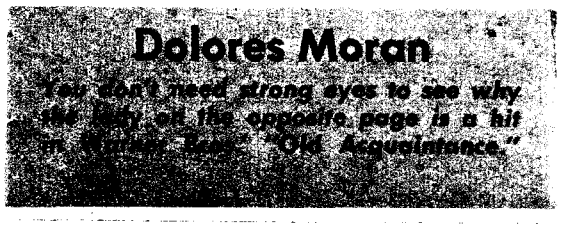
2) No word may use any particular letter oftener than that letter appears in the key word.

3) Webster's Collegiate Dictionary will be the authority for acceptable words.

4) Write your name, address and total at the top of your list.

5) Mail your list to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d St., New York, N. Y. Submitters of highest scores will each receive a YANK Puzzle Kit as a prize. Winners' names and scores will be published.

(Solution on page 22.)



The Corporal Asks Her a Question

MISS CAROLYN GREY, songstress with Woody Herman's orchestra at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago, blushed like anything when she started to read this V-Mail letter from Cpl. Jimmy McNair who is stationed somewhere in the Southwest Pacific with an advance railhead detachment:

"Dear Carolyn,

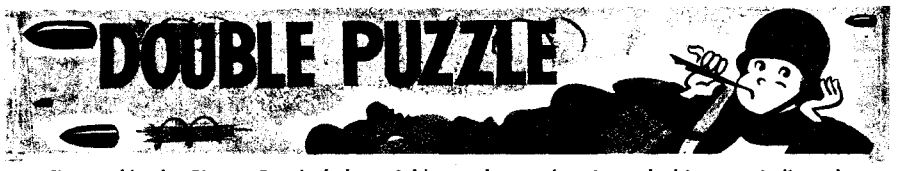
"You will probably be shocked at my forwardness but I have tried time after time to lead up to the matter and somehow never could. Since it has been on my mind for several weeks, I have at last decided to ask you.

"Ever since I first met you, you were very friendly but as weeks and months passed by, the feeling grew into something more beautiful and sincere. I never thought such a problem as this would ever enter my head at such an early age. Yet, here it is. I don't know whether it is proper or fair to ask you this question. However, I do know whatever your reply may be, you are true enough never to tell it to anyone. You are the only person I would dare ask this question.

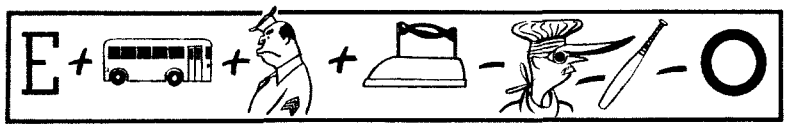
"In reply please be positive, sincere and truthful. Above all dispense with all thought of hurting my feelings. Be honest. Tell me, do you think the Lone Ranger should sell his horse if he is drafted?

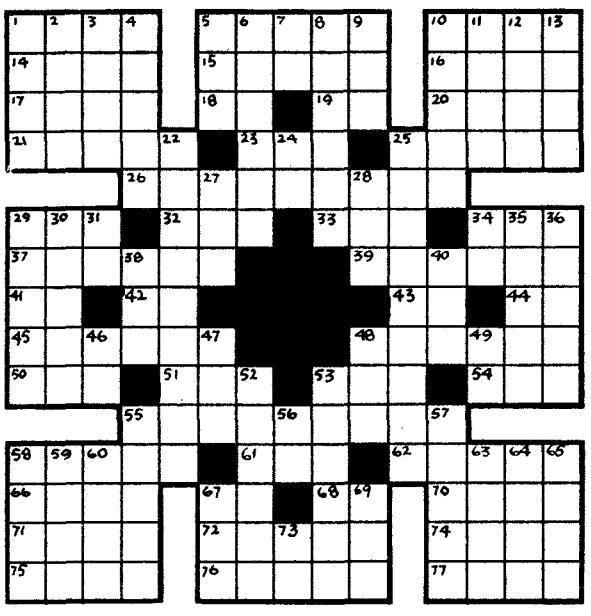
"Your friend, JIMMY MCNAIR"

Carolyn Grey



First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 58 Down. Then continue solving the rest of it.





ACROSS

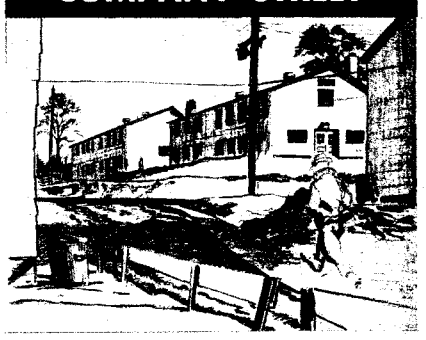
1. A gem—oh, chum
5. The morning ——
10. Crap-shooters do this; so does their money
14. Prehistoric barracks
15. Flower
16. This isn't put into writing
17. Methuselah-like
18. Railroad on stilts
19. The front part of a tent
20. Edges
21. What civvies take a shine to
23. Most soldiers do this before pay day
25. Kind of goat, similar to the yardbird
26. Clear of charges
29. Naval parade ground
32. Take a whack at
33. Form of address to commissioned officers
34. Swiss hill
37. Found outside the pup tent
39. Commandos thrive on this
41. Exclamation of disgust
42. Continent (abbr.)
43. Center of potato
44. Roman six
45. Teach the rudiments of poker to
48. Full of stripes
50. Dished out chow to
51. High spot
53. Effect of sag on leg
54. Exist
55. Turncoats
58. Coaxed
61. Pea tent
62. A short hike is about 40 of these
66. Bruised
67. Month (abbr.)
68. Behold!
70. Sergentle annoyance
71. Slipped
72. To shine your buttons
74. British school
75. Dese run against Dems
76. Glassy look
77. Put your burden here.

DOWN

1. Edible tubers
2. This will be found in the Army Manual
3. Swear without cuss words
4. Shelf
5. Big monkey
6. Crime
7. Toward
8. The first thing a man does in the Army
9. Don't bring this into camp
10. Only language Hitler understands
11. Song of the high Cs
12. Uniform reaction to moisture
13. This follows "or" and starts arguments
22. Pulled out
24. Just the two of us
25. Tactical maneuver
27. Metal birthplace
28. This comes after first
29. Sneezing powder
30. Pay day bird
31. Comes before tension
34. Adjutant General (abbr.)
35. This'll raise your pay without a promotion
36. This comes before fall
38. Utilize
40. Girl's nickname
46. Man's nickname
47. Helluva long time
48. This isn't good at all
49. Civilian prosecutor (abbr.)
52. A good one adds chevrons to your sleeve
53. The most popular guy on KP
55. The things that put sax into saxophones
56. Depart
57. Veronica Lake type
58. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
59. Parking spot for actors
60. Beginning of a tight squeeze
63. A trifle AWOL
64. Love of one's self (plural)
65. Dispatched
67. Cops in khaki
69. Number of chevrons on PFC.
73. Each (abbr.)

(Solution on page 22.)

COMPANY STREET



DATES. Most nervous guy at **Blackland** (Tex.) Army Flying School was A/C Millard E. Griffith. Reason: He invited five girls to his graduation day exercises—one blond, three brunettes and his steady from Toledo. Results unknown. . . . WAAC Betty A. Budd, newly arrived at **Camp Edwards,** Mass., visited the service club there, saw hundreds of soldiers but just one sailor. So she made a date with the sailor, Louis E. Goodman MoMM2c, stationed at the Boston Navy Yard. . . . Pvt. Johnny Flannery, AAF Bombardier School, **Big Spring,** Tex., broke a leg while wrestling and was sent to the post hospital. There he met Army nurse 2d Lt. Gloria Klein. A month later Pvt. Flannery and Lt. Klein had their first date—at the chaplain's office to get married. Now Big Spring officials fear an epidemic of broken legs.

ACTION. Sgt. Charles Barr, **Memphis** (Tenn.) Airport, was a Loyalist pilot in the Spanish Civil War in 1937. In one year of fighting Barr shot down 21 planes of Franco's Axis allies before four Italian G-50 got on his tail, wounded him five times and knocked down his plane. Jailed in a Nazi prison camp in Spain for seven months, he was finally exchanged for Axis prisoners. Said Sgt. Barr, "I'll get back." . . . M/Sgt. William A. Johnson, **Fort Sill,** Okla., who fought in France in the first World War, is probably the only GI to win the DSC, the Croix de Guerre and the Purple Heart at the age of 15.

Sgt. Barr

FINANCE. Cadet Bill McPherson dropped a half buck between the duckboards outside the PX at the **Nashville** (Tenn.) Army Air Center. So he dug up the boardwalk, found his 50 cents and 65 cents besides, kept on digging for more wealth until stopped by MPs. He then was charged 2 bucks for a new boardwalk. Net loss: 85 cents. . . . Cpl. Jack Terry, **Merced** (Calif.) Army Flying School, will give a thousand bucks to the GI who can lick him at Judo wrestling. Challengers please note: Cpl. Terry is the world's Judo champ. . . . Pvt. Freddie Bartholomew, formerly of the movies, now at the **Fresno** (Calif.) Air Base, got court approval for a $450 monthly allowance to add to his GI 50 per. "I need it to maintain my Hollywood home," he explained.

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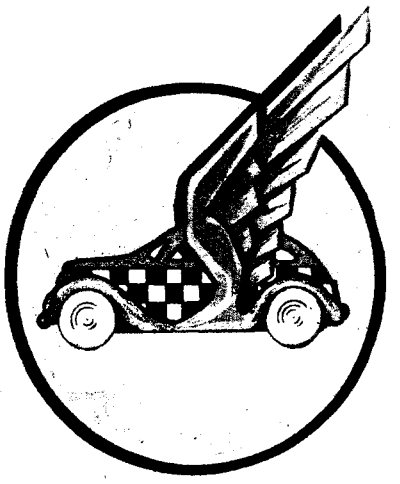
39th Troop Carrier Squadron

306th Bombardment Squadron

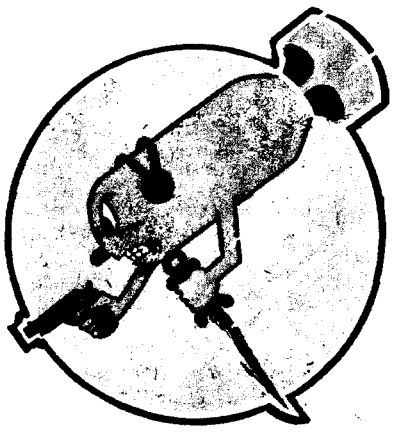


27th Troop Carrier Squadron

127th Observation Squadron

472d Bombardment Squadron

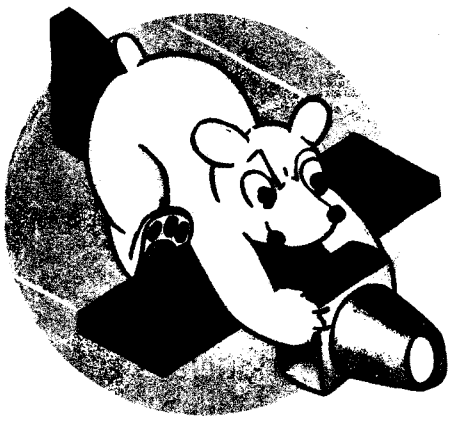
13th Fighter Squadron



46th Bombardment Squadron

319th Fighter Squadron

4th Tow Target Squadron

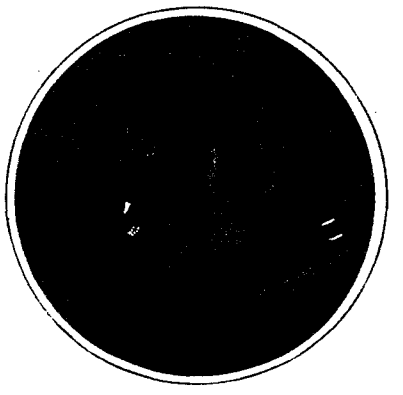


16th Photographic Squadron

Air Force Insignia

86th Fighter Squadron

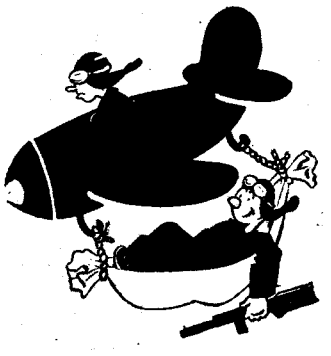
20th Observation Squadron



413th Bombardment Squadron

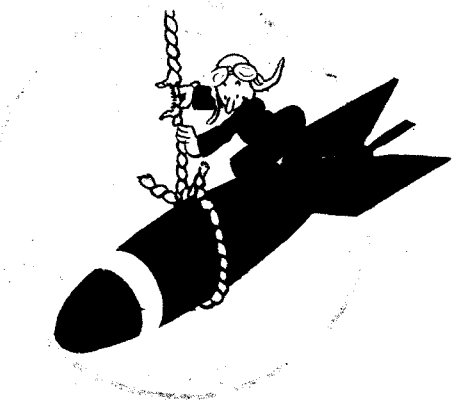
404th Bombardment Squadron

55th Bombardment Squadron



46th Troop Carrier Squadron

305th Bombardment Squadron



76th Bombardment Squadron

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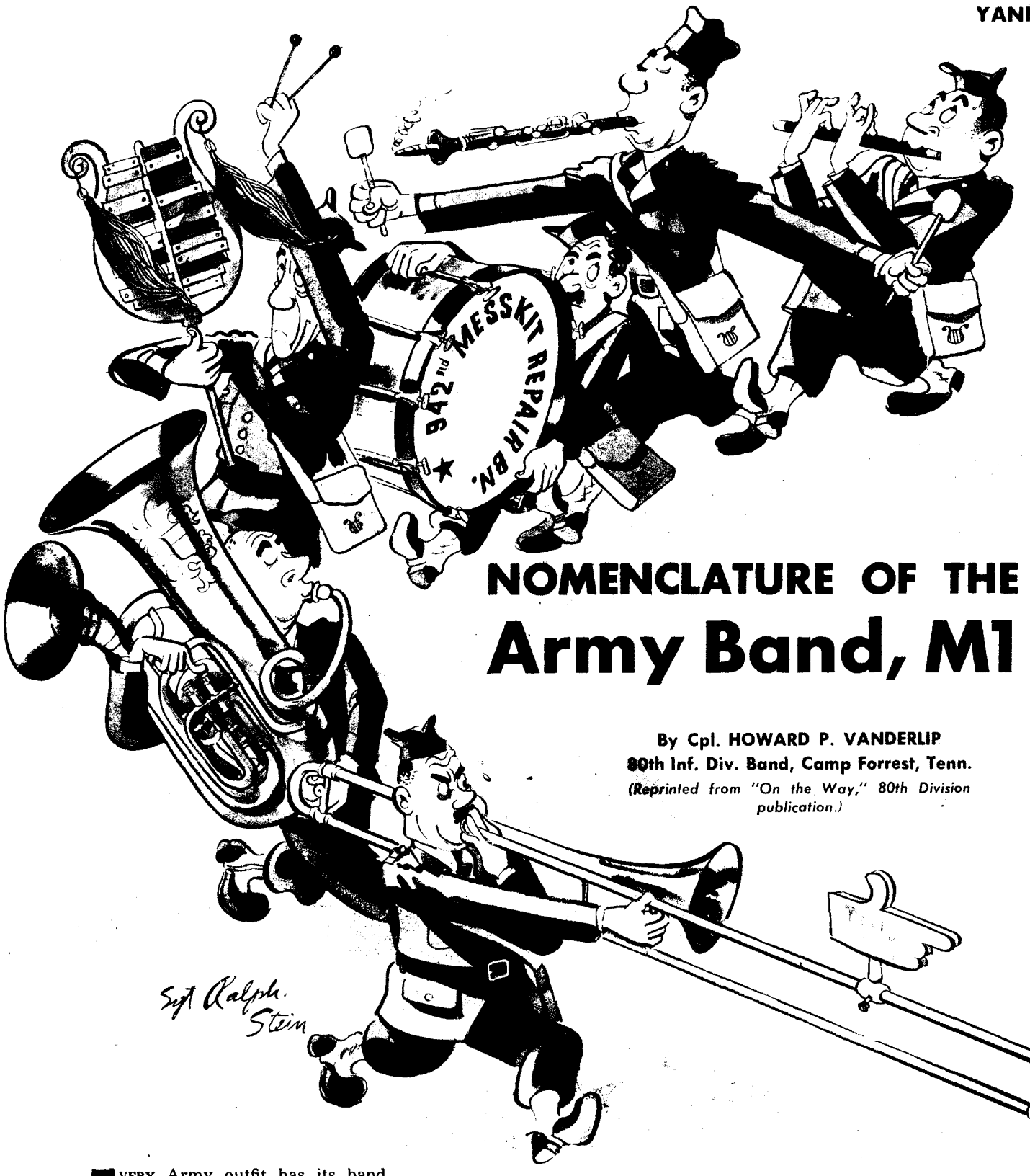


NOMENCLATURE OF THE Army Band, M1

By Cpl. HOWARD P. VANDERLIP
80th Inf. Div. Band, Camp Forrest, Tenn.

(Reprinted from "On the Way," 80th Division publication.)

EVERY Army outfit has its band and every band is full of instruments. Some are blown, others beaten. These instruments are strange things but not as strange as the people who carry them.

A boom de da dum, a boom de da dum, a boom de da dum.

The Glockenspiel, for instance. It is used to fill empty spaces caused by the mysterious disappearance of various musicians after pay day and other military holidays.

To date no genius has devised a means of carrying music for this instrument, hence the method of determining the proper key signature is elaborate:

If the spieler stands behind the bass-horn player, he may glance over the left shoulder and try the same key with reasonable success. If, however, the unfortunate spieler gets pushed about (as is usually the case when half the band is on sick call) he must look over the right shoulder of the nearest clarinet player, take the number of flats in the key in which he is playing, add his serial number, multiply by the number of times he has escaped KP that month, subtract the number of stripes he has sewn on other guys' shirts and divide by the square root of the mess sergeant's IQ, which is usually zero zero, windage left.

The result of these calculations is the glockenspieler's proper key. But by this time the band probably has stopped playing and it makes no difference anyhow.

The glock has certain other uses when not occupied in straining music through its bars. For playing formations at ball games, it is excellent for stopping fouls.

Then there is the piccolo.

The Piccolo is a very beautiful thing, particularly when in its case, tightly closed and securely locked. Its purpose in the band has never been determined.

The instrument is pitched in D flat. The player is usually pitched into the nearest slit trench.

The Slide Trombone has a long story — so long that it is admitted only to the front ranks of the marching band.

In active service the trombone serves to point out the direction of the march. It is also used to beat out a few bars while the drum major is taking a break. During countermarch, it definitely determines the distance between ranks while at the pivotal point.

Few uses have been found for the trombone other than that of making music. Personally, I have found the instrument very satisfactory for siphoning gas from the general's car. It has assisted me on several occasions as a vaulting pole for the obstacle course. And as a last resort, it may be used as a plumber's helper —to pep up lazy latrines.

Maintenance of the trombone is simple: When not in use, the instrument must be kept well oiled. When in skirmish, both trombone and player must be well lubricated.

The Bass is not discussed in the best circles.

The Peck Horn closely resembles the bass in that its tubing follows the same uncertain journey from end to end, much in the manner of a new second looey leading his flock forth on its first overnight hike.

The peck is held tenderly under the arm of the player — one hand thrust inside the bell, presumably to cull out the bad notes that invariably creep into the score. When not in use the horn is snuggled still more closely to the left ribs, simulating the passing of a pint through the battery area.

Aside from its musical function, no use has ever been found for the peck horn—or its player.

And now we come to the drums. I've saved the drums to last because, for general all-purpose knocking around, a good drum is hard to beat.

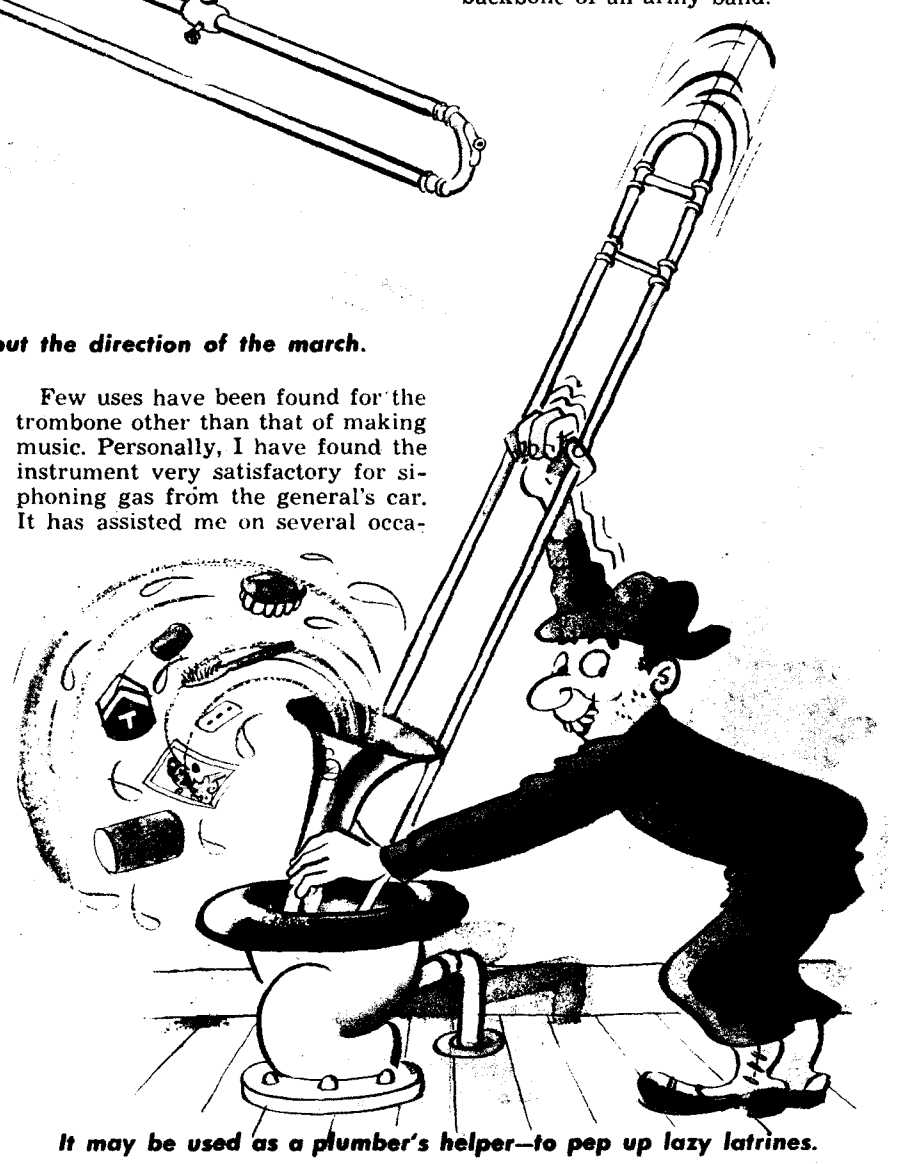
A Bass Drum is a conceited thing. It lets itself get beat up on one side, bellows in protest, then advertises the guy who did it in large letters on the other side.

Snare Drums are of two kinds. The first is the *Tea for Two* or seductive snare, which gives out a subtle death rattle. It is used for luring sub debs to their doom, just before the fish has been politely placed to the side.

The more vicious or "I don't care" snare drum is used much later as the evening wears on, but before the liquor wears off.

And there you have it—that's the backbone of an army band.

The trombone serves to point out the direction of the march.



It may be used as a plumber's helper—to pep up lazy latrines.

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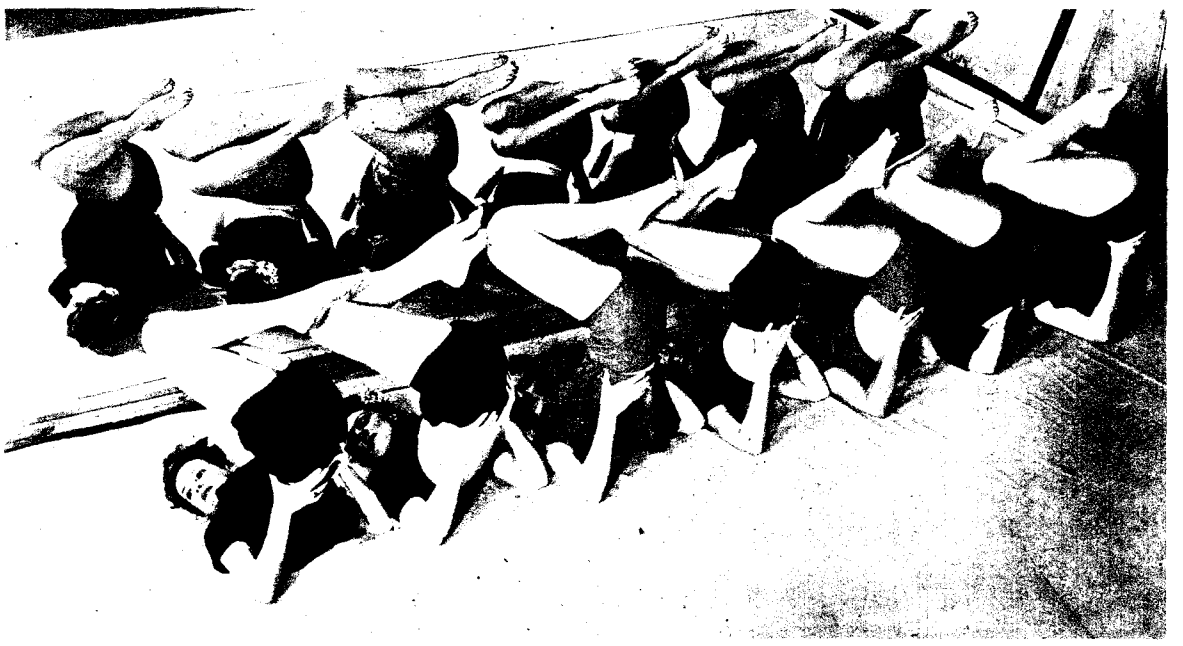
It's spring in New York's Central Park, and this naval Sir Gallahad celebrates with a ride.



Hollywood beauties demonstrate exercises worked out for women war workers to keep them fit.

ALABAMA

Three homes burned at McDonald's Chapel, near Wylam. Mr. and Mrs. Davis Partlow of Tuscaloosa were killed in an auto crash while in Florida on their honeymoon. Seven hundred Jefferson County employees received pay increases of $12.50 a month.

ARKANSAS

Crittenden County cotton farmers received a 10,000-acre allotment increase. U. S. Marshal Henry Armstrong was fined $25 at Fort Smith for unlawful possession of wild game. Owney Madden, former New York racketeer, was naturalized at Little Rock; he has lived in Hot Springs the last 10 years.

CONNECTICUT

The U. S. approved a new 200-family housing project for Bristol. At Danbury, five persons recovered after being overcome by gas fumes on a bus en route from Bridgeport. Middletown adopted a police-pension plan. Hartford's Mayor Spellacy sponsored a merit system of promotion for the police department.

DELAWARE

An explosion caused five deaths at the Sussex Ordnance Plant near Milford. Fires and explosions damaged the J. Newton Schaefer Paint Co. warehouse and the National Vulcanized Fiber Co. plant at Newark. State auto traffic declined 37 percent. James P. Fitzgerald, clerk of Wilmington draft board No. 4, was killed by a trolley.

FLORIDA

Deadline for completion of the $4,000,000 Miami causeway to Virginia and Biscayne Keys was extended from Sept. 15, 1943, to Jan. 1, 1945. The Dade County Defense Council sought an ordinance in Miami to compel saving of tin cans for salvage. Abe Aronovitz filed for the Miami city commission.

GEORGIA

Georgia State Teachers' College, Statesville, was restored to membership in the American Association of Teachers' Colleges, after Dr. Marvin S. Pittman again became president. Georgia levied a tax on federal projects competing with private enterprise. Prohibition and Sunday movies were killed by the Legislature.

INDIANA

Indianapolis barbers upped the price of hair cuts to 65 cents. There turned up in the mails in Indianapolis a key to room 269 to the old Bates House, which closed in 1901. Roy C. Bartheimer of Columbus City and his two small daughters were killed when a train struck their auto. Charles E. Hull became postmaster of Columbus. Fires: The Wahlgren drug store at South Bend, damage $90,000; the Progress Hotel, Switz City's oldest building; the Paranite Wire & Cable Co. plant at Marion, damage $100,000; the Hawcreek Township school near Hope.

ILLINOIS

Draft induction of selected Illinois prisoners was considered. Half of Galena's business district was flooded by high waters from the Galena River. The North Shore Line's Milwaukee Limited struck a local near Chicago, injuring 25. Rockford campaigned against horse-race bookies. Quincy enforced a curfew to combat juvenile delinquency. A 10-foot cave-in occurred under street car tracks at Monroe and Market Streets in Chicago. Seven persons were killed at Granite City when a bus collided with an electric train.

IOWA

Iowa farmers planned a 2-percent increase in crop acreage, despite farm-labor and machinery shortages. At Des Moines, Western Union hired messengers 50 to 75 years old. Des Moines and Iowa City got their first women milk-wagon drivers. Gas coupons for Denver's fire truck were stolen. The *Iowa Reform*, Davenport German-language paper, became a tabloid in English.

KENTUCKY

Louisville officially entered the 500,000-population class. Fifteen Bell County high-school boys were cited by the State Forestry Service for heroism in fighting a 110-acre forest fire. Construction of a hangar and machine shop began at Bowling Green's new airport. Mayor Lackey of Paducah described juvenile delinquency conditions as "terrible." Six prisoners escaped from the Ohio County jail at Hartford.

LOUISIANA

War trends in New Orleans: Three women became street-car conductors, victory gardens were proposed for city-owned lots, a telephone repairman accidentally set off an air-raid alarm, funeral homes stopped serving meals to mourners, at Mardi Gras time a War-Bond drive was substituted for the traditional carnival parades and sales totalled $1,192,000. The 14-story Union Building in New Orleans was bought by E. V. Richards. Pan American Airways received permission to operate between New Orleans and Guatemala City. Hammond strawberry growers expected a record crop.

MARYLAND

At Baltimore, Harry J. Bunting died when he leaped four stories from a burning apartment building; mail deliveries were cut to one a day in residential areas; the Baltimore Athletic Club became a hotel for the Merchant Marine. Cecil County (Elkton) had its seventh murder in four months, a record. A grand jury released William Smith, 17-year-old Middle Grove boy, held for killing his father, George Smith. Max Bishop, former Oriole ball player, was acquitted of using live decoys to hunt geese in Kent County.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Boston Common is to be plowed up for victory gardens, also 20 acres of the Bristol Country Club at Taunton. Barney Welansky, chief owner of the Cocoanut Grove night club, went on trial at Boston on charges resulting from the fire last fall that caused a loss of almost 500 lives. A new textile plant in Taunton will give jobs to 800. Mining has been resumed in western Massachusetts—copper at Rowe, iron at Plainfield, feldspar at Warwick. The First Parish Unitarian Church and the First Universalist Church at Fitchburg planned to merge. Dr. Harry Sagansky, dentist and promoter, was sentenced to 2½ to 3 years as head of a huge number-pool racket in Boston.

MICHIGAN

Detroit's City Hall was flooded with tear gas when an anti-holdup mechanism was accidentally set off. A strike of 1,900 employees of the Consumers' Power Co. appeared to be averted by arbitration. Reapportionment to increase Wayne County representation in the House from 21 to 27 seemed assured. Seventeen Detroit liquor dealers were charged with attempting to evade the federal floor stock tax.

MINNESOTA

Forty-eight organizations planned a dinner at Minneapolis honoring Gov. Stassen, soon to enter the Navy. Reduction of Minneapolis street-car token prices was asked in the Legislature. Minnesota will furnish half of acreage in the U. S. to be devoted to a trial planting of Russian rubber-producing dandelions. The Minnesota Conservation Department's last four sledge dogs at the Red Lake refuge joined the Army.

MISSOURI

At St. Louis, Fire Chief Joseph Morgan was killed and nine firemen were injured when fire destroyed the Goodwill Industries building on Howard Street. Mississippi River traffic was opened by ice plows. A tornado damaged 60 buildings in Grundy County. Central High School students in St. Louis struck for one day over the transfer of Vernon Bradburn, teacher-coach, to McKinley High. Fire destroyed two Southwest Missouri landmarks—Crank's Drug Store at Springfield and the Harrison Hotel at Lebanon.

MONTANA

A $100,000 fire gutted the Copper City Commercial Building at Anaconda. A 6-month-old baby perished near Plentywood in the state's worst blizzard in 50 years. Arthur Wankel and Fred Moffatt of Miles City were convicted of the murder of Mrs. Amy Janssen, waitress. A $1,000,000 airport for Butte received U. S. approval.

NEBRASKA

A prairie fire, second in two months, swept 30 acres of hay land southeast of North Platte. Unsanitary conditions at Douglas County Hospital (Omaha) were charged by six internes. Earl Townsend, 37, weight 380 pounds, went to jail at Franklin for draft violations, although officials said his weight probably would have caused his deferment. A "million dollar" snow covered the state after two months of dry weather. Omaha's

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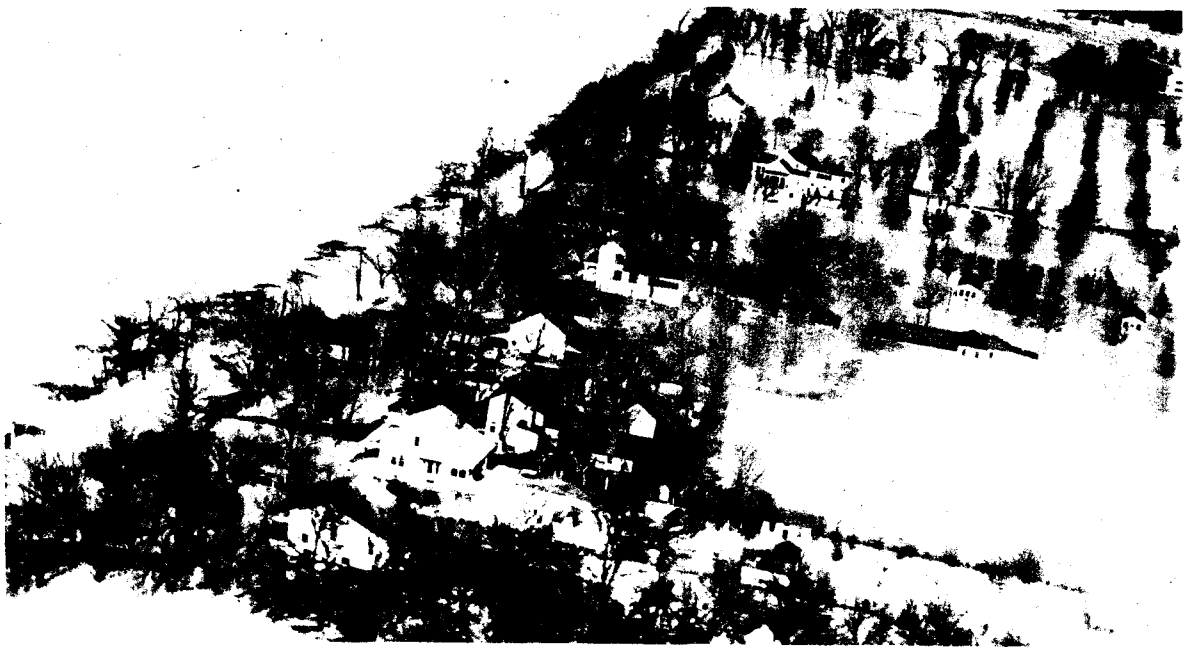


At an undisclosed place on the Ohio, flood waters flow around houses. Soldiers helped evacuation.

Presidents Murray, CIO, and Green, AFL, seek to end union attempts to displace rival units.

A Round-Up of The Week Back in the States

Paramount Theater was reopened because other movie houses couldn't handle the crowds. Omaha had a new organization called Marine Dads.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City plowed up vacant lots for victory gardens. Fire destroyed the Wolff Brothers Milling Co. plant at Paterson, with a $150,000 loss. At Trenton, 500 Rider College students struck in protest against suspension of two students for drunkenness. Edward Reischach committed suicide at Jersey City because he couldn't join the Army. Mayor Donovan of Bayonne was relieved as director of public safety by the city commissioners. Sheriff Becker of Essex County asked prisoners to bring their ration books to jail.

NEW YORK

The Legislature turned down a sales-tax boost and a new tax on retailers, sought by Mayor LaGuardia to meet New York City budget needs. Albany planned vaccination of all war workers. An open season for spearing fish in state waters was announced. A shortage of coffins followed a week-long strike of 700 coffin-makers in New York City. Release of several thousand convicts on parole for military service and defense and farm work was legalized. Walter F. Braun became mayor of Lancaster, Vincent Januchowski mayor of Sloan. Fire damaged the Burnside Hotel at Niagara Falls.

NORTH CAROLINA

Four officials of the Bank of Black Mountain were indicted in connection with a $326,000 shortage in bank funds. Archibald Murphey High School in Caswell County was destroyed by fire. Construction of a food-dehydrating plant at Whiteville received federal approval. The Rev. Robert S. Arrowood of Concord is to succeed Mrs. W. D. Ramsay as president of Mitchell College at Statesville. The University of North Carolina graduated 120 students in its first commencement held in any month other than June.

OHIO

Mrs. Belle Norris, 85-year-old great-grandmother, works daily in a Cincinnati war plant. Women became street-car operators in Cleveland. Dayton's 49 public schools were closed by a strike of 140 maintenance employees. Fire caused $30,000 damage to the naphthalene-processing plant of the Koppers Car Co. at Youngstown. At Cincinnati, the British consulate was reestablished after 20 years, Thomas A. Gallagher was named U. S. collector of internal revenue, Eugene Howard became moderator of the Cincinnati Presbytery, and the Cincinnati Street Railway Co. reported a monthly increase in fares of 2½ millions. Western College girls at Oxford nominated their president, Mrs. Alexander Thomson, as America's outstanding mother of 1943.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Pittston, 200 homes were evacuated and the new $400,000 high school was closed as a result of the town's most severe mine cave-in. A Pittsburgh moving firm asked a federal permit to haul goods by air. Capt. W. W. Webster, head of the Philadelphia naval aircraft factory, was killed in a plane crash. William L. Batt, vice chairman of the War Production Board, won Philadelphia's Bok award.

RHODE ISLAND

Westerly police were called to quell a hair-pulling brawl of housewives waiting to buy butter. Many Rhode Island office employees work short shifts in war factories after their regular hours. Exemption up to $2,000 from the state property tax is proposed for men and women in the armed service. The state may buy the unfinished Masonic Building on Capitol Hill in Providence for office space.

SOUTH CAROLINA

A Senate committee approved cancellation of blue laws in military camp areas. A bill was introduced to allow unlicensed fox hunting to curb rabid foxes. A. J. Stephens was sentenced to life for killing William Sidney Owens near Landrum. The post office at Witherbee was discontinued. The Bank of Aiken closed. Aiken banned Sunday liquor sales for a 30-day trial period. Fires: The Baptist Church at Jonesville; the Williams-Gable Lumber Co. plant at Charleston; $50,000 damage to business houses on North Irby Street, Florence, Camden grocers and liquor dealers devote Wednesday-afternoon holidays to victory gardens.

SOUTH DAKOTA

At Pierre, the state attorney general's office said the largest livestock rustling ring in many years was broken up with the arrest of R. H. Peters, Rapid City, and Charles S. Kahler, Alliance, Nebr. Webster farmers reported an unusually large number of deer at the lake region game refuge. A pig with two tails was born at the Chester Powell farm near Mobridge. At Armour, Joan Heezen, 9, was drowned in Lake Alcazar after rescuing a playmate who had broken through the ice.

TENNESSEE

Tennessee strawberry growers expected a 5½-million pound crop, most of it for the armed forces. The Kingston bridge over the Tennessee River was closed and is to be raised 25 feet. At Nashville, Carl Whitley shot his wife, then killed himself. An explosion ripped the William H. Foote Homes, a Negro housing project at Memphis, killing two persons. Two representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a CIO union, were beaten at LaFollette; they blamed eight coal miners. A shortage of pharmacists in the state was reported.

TEXAS

The Consolidated Oil Co. sold a three-fourths interest in 228 acres of the KMA oil field near Wichita Falls to the Gulf Oil Corp. for $1,200,000. Houston's population hit 502,000. Wichita County voted to remain dry. Cecil Storey of Longview was elected to the Legislature to succeed Earl Sharp of Kilgore, resigned. A bandit took $9,000 from a Harrisburg liquor store at Houston. M. S. Munson Jr. was named Wharton County attorney. The Cosden Petroleum Corp. was fined $5,500 at Waco on hot oil charges. Oil Workers Union members at Ingleside bought 40 rabbits last fall to solve meat-shortage worries, hoped to have 19,000 by May. The House approved a union-regulation bill. Died: Will Rayburn, brother of Speaker Sam Rayburn, at Bonham.

UTAH

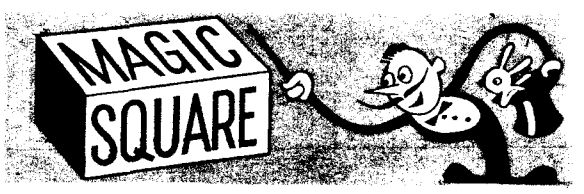
Mrs. Ray F. Durfee of Provo was killed and her husband narrowly escaped death when they were caught in a snow slide near Alta. The University of Utah opened a new four-year medical school, and began its spring quarter minus 400 students who are in the armed forces. Logan County farmers asked deferment of farm hands.

WASHINGTON

The temporary bridge across the Columbia River below Grand Coulee Dam was dynamited. Restaurants warned of shortened hours due to food rationing. A Seattle department store hired girl delivery-truck drivers. Chester Montgomery, 27-year-old Negro, was hanged at Walla Walla for slaying Mrs. Jessie Sellers at Spokane. The Legislature levied a new 10 percent tax on whisky, passed a war powers bill fought by Gov. Langlie's opponents, then adjourned.

WISCONSIN

The State Assembly passed a bill to turn the state's clocks back one hour. Milwaukee brewers put bock beer on the market. Glen E. Case, teller of the National Exchange Bank at Fond du Lac, was charged with embezzling $16,000. Jerome Christiansen Sr., former chairman of Racine's draft board No. 3, is under U. S. indictment charged with conspiracy. At Milwaukee, Harry H. Krause was badly hurt when he rushed through a burning tavern to arouse eight persons sleeping upstairs. Wisconsin men and women in the armed forces don't have to pay state income taxes on military pay.



HERE'S a 5-by-5 Magic Square. If you fill in the numbers from 1 to 25 correctly, it will count up to a total of 65 along each and every row—horizontal, vertical or diagonal.

We've spotted you a few of the numbers to make it easier. Can you fill in the rest?

(Solution on page 22.)

			8	
	5			16
4		13		
				3
11	18			

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OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

A GI Counters the Spy Menace

ONE OF the gravest problems we soldiers have to contend with is the spy menace. We must constantly be on the alert against those clever people with subtle approach and innocent-sounding questions. Being a weather observer at a bomber base, I come up against this sort of thing more often than you would imagine, even if I am only a buck private, junior grade.

These sly seekers after information don't look at all like the spies you see in the movies—the tall, dark men with spade beards and the exotic, heavily veiled women who snare the unwary possessor of secrets in dim-lit apartments. Speaking from first-hand experience, I would say that the current trend is toward naturalness, the spies posing as Mr. Average American or the well-scrubbed 4-H girl from down the road a piece.

For example, there was the time I met The Stranger, cleverly disguised as a typical business man. It was raining cats and dogs, and I was standing under an awning, waiting for a bus back to the field when he approached.

"First time I've ever seen it rain cats and dogs," he remarked pointing to a spaniel that landed at our feet. "Wonder what causes it?"

"Don't know," I mumbled. But I did, being a weather observer.

My suspicions were aroused when he inquired about my work. "Weather observer, eh? Must be pretty interesting work."

Oh ho, my fine fellow, I thought. I've got your number. Aloud I said nothing, very softly.

"It's been raining like this for hours," he remarked subtly. "Think it'll ever stop?"

"It always has," I retorted and, side-stepping two dachshunds and an Angora, ran for the bus.

Then there was the time I got that phone call. It was from a girl known only as Lucy Ann Gooch whom I had met under very ordinary circumstances a week or two before while out for a walk.

"Remember me?" she asked.

"Oh, sure," I said. "I remember. How are you?"

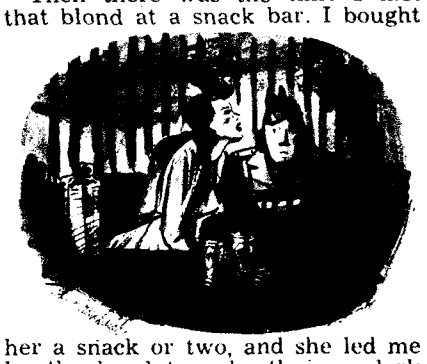
"Mighty lonesome this evenin', sugah," she trilled. "How about yo-all comin' over and we'll pitch a little woo?"

"Can't. I'm studying for an exam tomorrow," I replied.

"Oh, that ole course of yours," she pouted. "Just you bring your books right along, honey, and we'll do some homework together, huh?"

The whole plot suddenly unfolded to me. She was transparent as glass. I slowly replaced the receiver and went back to my books.

Then there was the time I met that blond at a snack bar. I bought



her a snack or two, and she led me by the hand to a booth in a dark corner.

We kissed. An hour passed, and softly she asked me to take her home. When we reached the door of her apartment she whispered huskily, "It's early yet. Come in and meet the folks."

I looked at her carefully. "Meet the folks?"

"Sure," she said, and smiled coyly.

Believe me I got out of there in a hurry. Meet the folks, my eye. I knew darn well she lived alone.

—Pvt. DONALD FITZPATRICK
Chanute Field, Ill.

The North African Fly

FOREMOST among the perils that face the American soldier in North Africa is the local specie of common fly, or *Musca domestica*, as it is called back home.

Although the North African fly is of the same size and weight and has the same maneuvering ability as the brand that beats you to the jelly in

Explain that you have borrowed the piece of wood to kill a fly.

Memphis or Fresno, there is one important difference. If you sock a fly back home he generally goes down, but the North African Messerschmitt laughs out loud at your feeble effort and thinks you want to play. In fact, instead of killing the insect you will find you have another intimate friend.

Here are some simple instructions on dealing with the North African fly menace:

Let us assume you see one of the two-winged jobs settle on the piping of a fellow-soldier's cap. You must act quickly. First, hurry to the nearest engineers' dump and pick up a piece of lumber. A piece of 2 x 4, about 3 feet long, will do. Then run back. If the guard halts you as you leave the area of the lumber dump, explain that you have borrowed the board to kill a fly. He will understand and speed you on your way.

Back at the scene of action, you find to your dismay that your fellow-soldier has disappeared. However, the fly is still on the spot, and you notice it has grown a bit larger and is munching a pair of GI shoes.

Now or never is the time to strike. Swing your 2 x 4 on the fly's fusilage, then swing again. He goes down in a crash landing.

The missing soldier emerges from the wreckage none the worse for his experience other than a bit shocked and lamenting the loss of his shoes.

North Africa —Cpl. ELMER W. HUDSON

—Pvt. F. Q. HEWITT
Camp Davis, N. C.

"I don't care, sergeant. Have your men put those helmets on right."

T/5

When I was a P-V-T
I felt a little low.
And when I was a P-F-C
My status was so-so.

But one fine day my Uncle Sam
Said, "I know what I'll do:
I'll free you from this awful jam;
You'll be a noncom too."

"You'll never have to force a crew
To do a dirty task,
And when a noncom looks at you,
Don't worry, he won't ask."

"You'll never give an order, son,
Or anger any men;
You'll only get your own work done
With wheel, or pot, or pen."

"A corporal with a 'T'," he said,
"Is what I'll make of you.
No arguing to earn your bread,
Your own work you will do."

"You'll get the jeers from high and low,
And sometimes get the bounce;
But still and all you'll get the dough,
And brother, that's what counts."

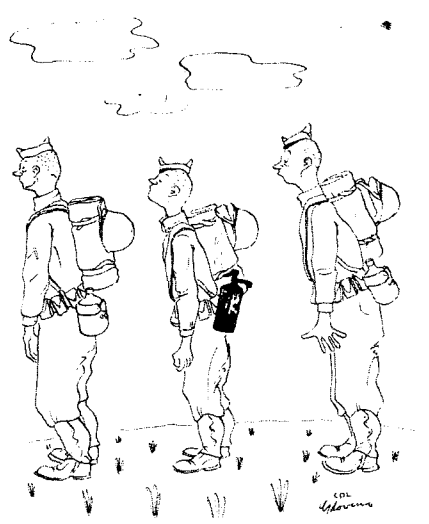
Australia —T/5 LEE LEWISON

SO BUSY

Why is it that from yonder tower
The colonel's lamp is beaming still,
Though it is past the midnight hour
And all's serene on vale and hill?

'Tis not the wisdom of the sages
Nor army lore his mind enchants;
An earthlier task his time engages—
He's sewing buttons on his pants.

—Cpl. BERNARD HERZFELD
Fort Morgan, Ala.

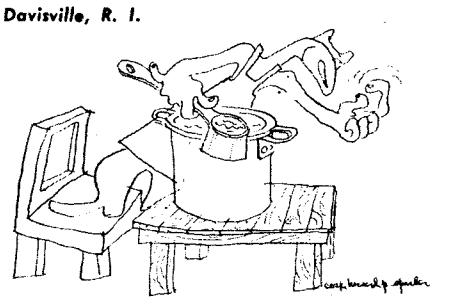


Camp Upton, N. Y. —Cpl. C. ARDOVINO

MUTTON

I'd like to hit
Right on the button
The bird who sold
The Navy mutton.
Upon his head
My curses fall;
I wish he had
To eat it all.

—ROBERT FERGUSON, EM3c
U. S. Naval Construction Center
Davisville, R. I.



—Cpl. HOWARD P. SPARBER
AAF, Miami Beach, Fla.

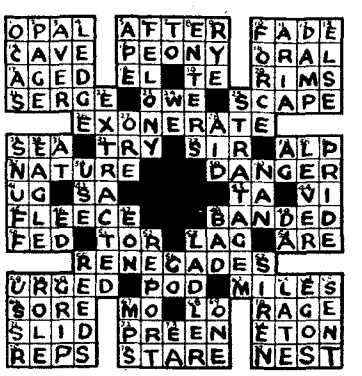
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

MAGIC SQUARE

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

DOUBLE PUZZLE

E plus BUS plus SERGEANT plus IRON minus ENGINEER minus BAT minus O = USSR.



CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

White king on 5 moves to 9, allowing Black king to jump from 31 to 22. White king on 9 moves to 13. Now Black is caught in a deadly pincers. It will cost Black 2 men to get out, leaving the score 2 against 1 in favor of White. WHITE WINS.

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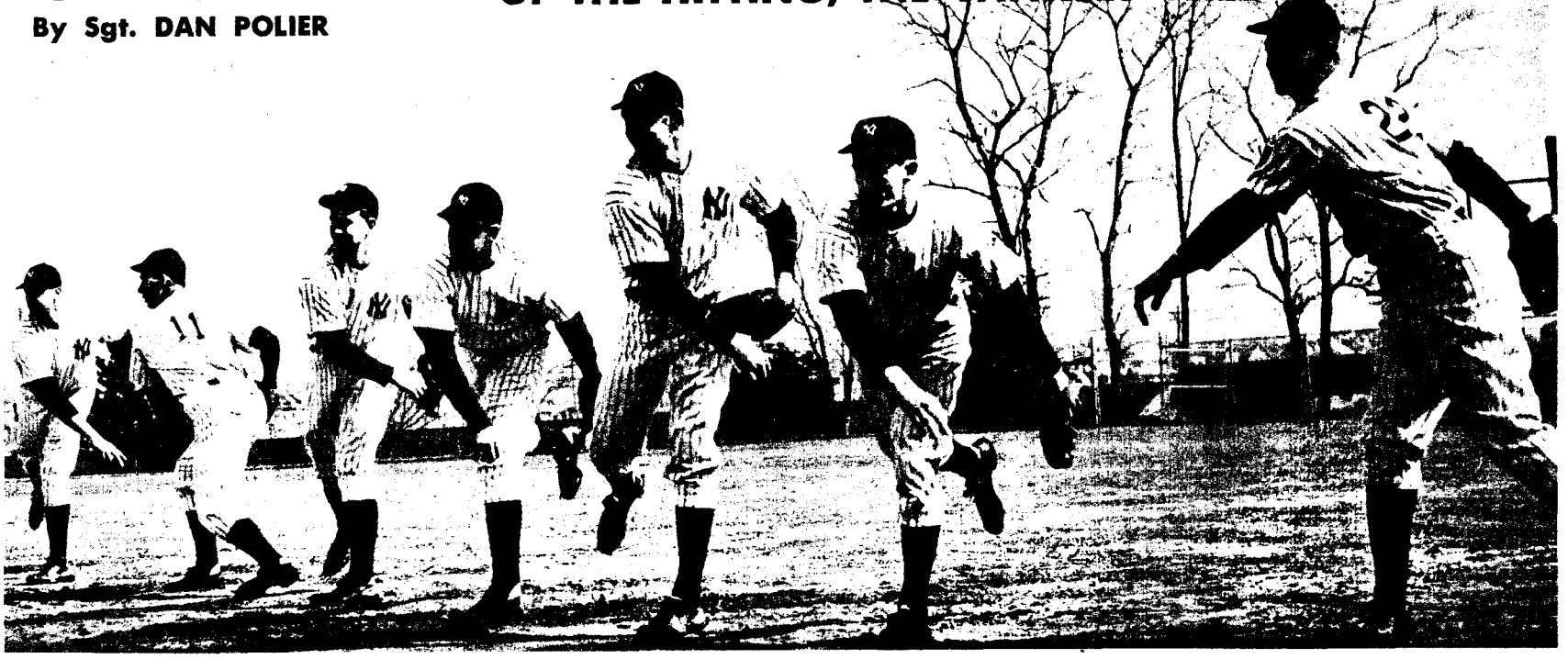
SPORTS: M'CARTHY HAS THE PITCHING; IF HE CAN DIG UP THE HITTING, THE YANKEES WILL WIN AGAIN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



SEVEN YANKEE STARTERS. Left to right: Bill Zuber, Lefty Byrne, Marvin Breuer, John Murphy, John Lindell, Hank Borowy and Marius Russo.

YOU wouldn't know the big leagues anymore. The war has leveled the balance of power so evenly that it is not unlikely that the St. Louis Browns will race across the finish line with the American League pennant flying from Luke Sewell's hand.

The New York Yankees, the big fellow everybody wanted to rip apart, has been whacked down to standard size. Clark Griffith and Connie Mack used to make vicious demands each year for the league "to break up" the Yankees. Fortunately, the league never got around to scattering the beautiful pieces of the Yankees among the little teams. The wartime drain on playing talent has done the job with complete effectiveness.

The Yankee losses have been tremendous and, without exaggeration, greater than those of any four teams in the league. Think of it: three-fourths of the infield, two outfielders and the most seasoned pitcher are all in military service. Only Charlie Keller, Joe Gordon and Bill Dickey remain as solid contributions to the team.

For replacements, Joe McCarthy flushed his Newark and Kansas City farms for a new infield and traded catcher Buddy Rosar to Cleveland for an experienced outfielder. This was the first time the Yankees have juggled their line-up on such a wholesale scale and went all out for young talent. There's no getting away from it, the new Yankees won't be the same or, for that matter, as good.

Consider this new line-up, and consider, too, how it measures up to the consistent pennant winners of the past five years:

POSITION	1943 LINE-UP	1942 LINE-UP
First base	Nick Etten	Buddy Hassett
Second base	Joe Gordon	Joe Gordon
Third base	Geo. Stirnweiss	Red Rolfe
Shortstop	Bill Johnson	Phil Ruzzuto
Left field	Charlie Keller	Charlie Keller
Center field	Roy Weatherly	Joe DiMaggio
Right field	Bud Metheny	Tom Henrich
Catcher	Bill Dickey	Bill Dickey
Pitcher	Bill Zuber	Red Ruffing

The new Yankee array has power available, but it could never generate the madness of the old Murderers' Row. If the pennant is hauled down at Yankee Stadium this year you can be sure that a sign in the club house will go, too. It reads: HOME SWEET HOMER.

Nick Etten, who took a lucky jump from the Phils, will be the Yankee's eighth first baseman since Lou Gehrig and very likely the best since the great man. Etten could always hit—even with the Phillies. Young Oscar Grimes, another first baseman, was brought in from Cleveland and will be held in readiness as the ninth since Gehrig.

The other newcomers, Johnson, Stirnweiss and Metheny, were developed on the Yankee farms at Kansas City and Newark. McCarthy will find out all he wants to know about them during their first week under fire. In the meantime, it's Joe's fond hope they will blossom into full flower.

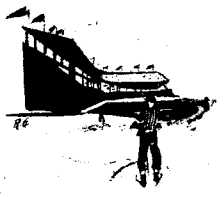
The Yankees are up to their ears in all types of pitchers, including nine who were around at World Series time. The loss of Red Ruffing was the only serious casualty. McCarthy figures he will be able to replace him with Bill Zuber, recently acquired from Washington. McCarthy has been trying to get his hands on Zuber since Bill's Cleveland days. Ed Barrow finally pried him loose from Clark Griffith with Gerald Priddy as bait.

For all his greatness, Bill Dickey is going to need a rest this season. He has put in 14 years with the Yankees and had planned to retire and coach Yale. Rollie Hemsley was grabbed off the Cleveland market and will be around to give Dickey a spell.

Personally, we like the Yankees to repeat. It's still a swift, young team with solid pitching and potential power. You might not believe us, but if McCarthy boots this team home a winner he will have to edge out a chronic second-division club, namely, the St. Louis Browns.

JOHNNY MIZE (right) arrives at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where he was inducted into the service and assigned to the Navy. Manager Ott felt that his Giants might have been a pennant winner until Mize was inducted and catcher Danning reclassified 1-A.

Roster of the BOSTON RED SOX

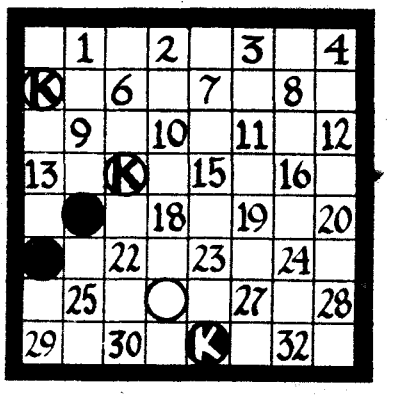


PITCHERS	Bats	Thrs.	Hgt.	Wgt.	Home Address	1942 Club	W.	L.
Brown, Mace S.	R	R	6:01	190	Greensboro, N. C.	Boston	9	3
Brown, Norman	R	R	6:02	175	Bennettsville, S. C.	San Diego	13	12
Chase, Kendall F.	R	L	6:01½	184	Oneonta, N. Y.	Boston	5	1
Dobson, Joseph G.	R	R	6:02	185	Nashville, Tenn.	Boston	11	9
Hughson, Cecil C.	R	R	6:03	175	Kyle, Texas	Boston	22	6
Judd, T.W.O.	L	L	6:01	180	Ingersoll, Ont.	Boston	8	10
Lucier, Louis	R	R	5:09	155	Woonsocket, R. I.	Louisville	13	9
Newsome, Heber H.	R	R	5:11½	180	Ahoskie, N. C.	Boston	8	10
Olsen, Albert	L	L	5:11	165	San Diego, Cal.	San Diego	18	16
Ryba, Dominic J.	R	R	5:11½	180	Springfield, Mo.	Boston	3	3
Terry, Yank	R	R	6:01	180	Bedford, Ind.	Boston	6	5
CATCHERS							B.A.	F.A.
Bremer, Herbert	R	R	6:00	198	Columbus, Ga.	Little Rock	.266	.966
Conroy, William J.	R	R	6:00	190	Alameda, Cal.	Boston	.200	.971
Peacock, John G.	L	R	5:09½	165	Fremont, N. C.	Boston	.266	.988
Richards, Lloyd V.	R	R	5:11	170	Lancaster, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre	.233	.986
INFIELDERS								
Cronin, Joseph E.	R	R	6:00	195	Newton Centre, Mass.	Boston	.304	.865
Doerr, Robert P.	R	R	5:10½	170	Hilahe, Ore.	Boston	.290	.975
Lake, Edward E.	R	R	5:07½	161	Oakland, Cal.	Sacramento	.275	.936
Lupien, Ulysses J., Jr.	L	L	5:10½	185	Lexington, Mass.	Boston	.281	.992
Newsome, Lamar A.	R	R	5:09	155	Columbus, Ga.	Boston	.274	.950
Tabor, James R.	R	R	6:01	175	Owens Crossroads, Ala.	Boston	.252	.924
OUTFIELDERS								
Fox, Ervin	R	R	5:11	165	Evansville, Ind.	Boston	.262	.968
Garrison, Rob't Ford	R	R	5:10½	185	Greenville, S. C.	Fort Worth	.295	.975
Lazor, John P.	L	R	5:10	180	Renton, Wash.	Louisville	.309	.991
McBride, Thomas R.	R	R	6:00	180	Sherman, Tex.	Little Rock	.331	.986
Simmons, Al	R	R	6:00	198	Hollywood, Cal.	Philadelphia		

COACHES—Tom Daly, Frank Shellenback, Larry Woodall MANAGER—Joseph E. Cronin

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST—Wilburn Butland, Paul Campbell, Thomas E. Carey, Dominic DiMaggio, Albert D. Flair, Andrew Gilbert, Maurice C. Harris, Earl Johnson, Donald C. Lang, John Pavescovich, Edward Pellagrini, John Pesky, Lawrence M. Powell, Frank A. Pytlak, Charles Wagner, Ted S. Williams.

CHECKER STRATEGY



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

THREE against three.

The White single on square 26 is under attack. It looks as if he had better make tracks towards the top of the board. But if he does that, Black would have no trouble in crowning his two single checkers. Result, obviously a draw. Yet, somewhere in the above setting is a winning combination of moves for White. Can you find it?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown. This will enable you to follow the moves.

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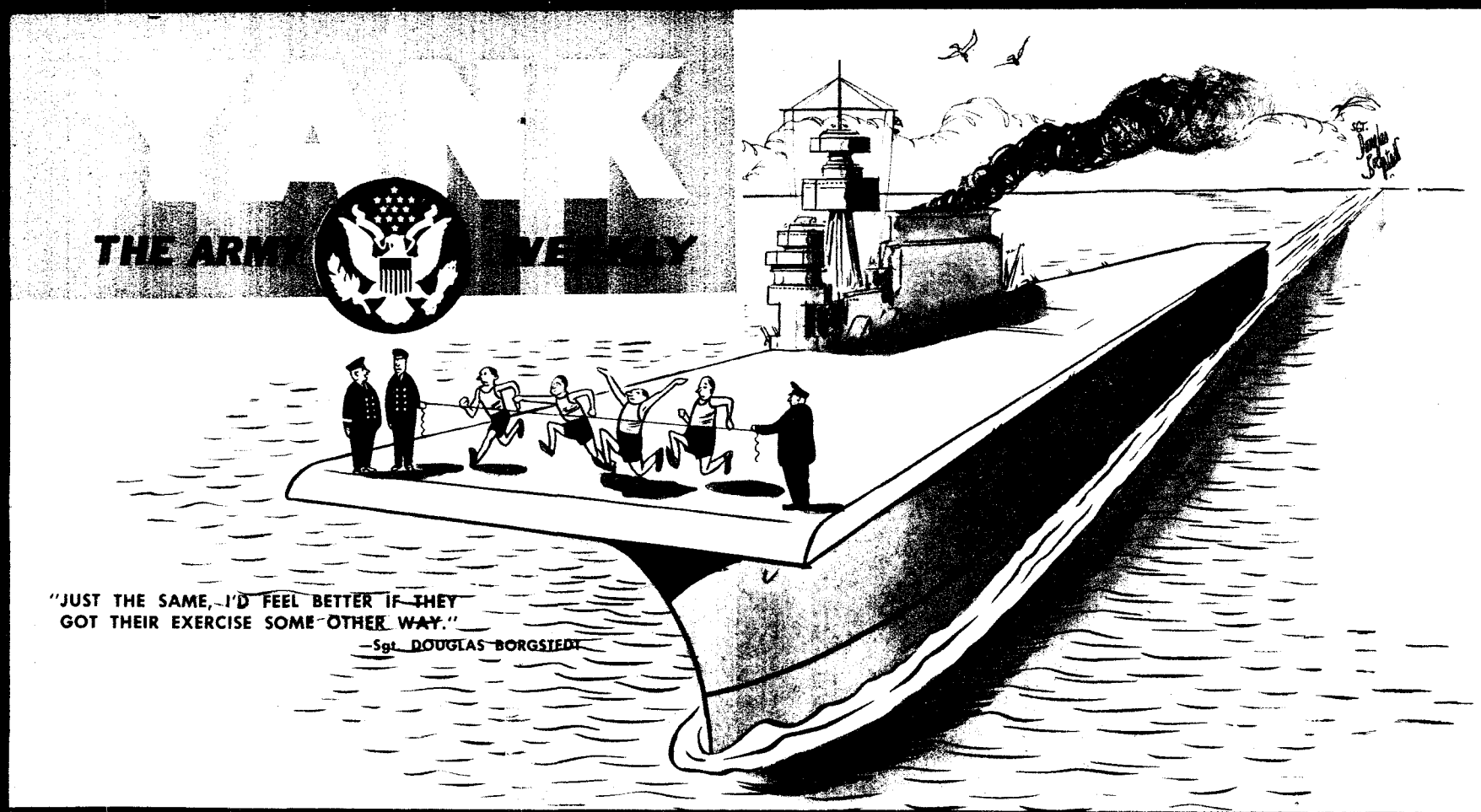

"JUST THE SAME, I'D FEEL BETTER IF THEY GOT THEIR EXERCISE SOME OTHER WAY."
—Sgt. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

"OF COURSE YOU REALIZE YOU'RE OUT OF UNIFORM."
Fort Knox, Ky. —Cpl. BILL NEWCOMBE

"I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT AT BUNA, BUT LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MANEUVERS IN NORTH CAROLINA."
Australia —Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON

"PHOOEY! CHEMICAL WARFARE MUST BE OPERATING TODAY."
Hq. 7th Corps, Jacksonville, Fla. —Sgt. JACK HARIG

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